

John D. Rockefeller
on
"The Character of St.
Patrick"

JULY

"The Prince and
the Girl"
and
Other Good Stories

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



EDITED BY

J O E
MITCHELL
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THE WORLD'S FAIR
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A REMARKABLE GROUP OF PRESIDENTS OF WESTERN UNIVERSITIES

(Courtesy of the Columbia, Missouri, Herald.)

The gentlemen whose portraits appear in this picture met in this picture met in Columbia recently to discuss questions of university management. In the top row, reading from the right are: William L. G. Bryan, Indiana university; Winthrop E. Stone, Purdue; Garrett Droppers, South Dakota; Frank Stone, Kansas; George E. MacLean, Iowa; and Webster Messersmith, North Dakota. In the bottom row, left to right: James H. Baker, Colorado; Richard Henry Jesse, Missouri; James Burrill Angell, Michigan; Cyrus G. Northrop, Minnesota, and Charles R. Van Hise, Wisconsin. Dr. Angell is the oldest living president of an American university.



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT IN THE PARADE THAT OPENED THE COACHING SEASON AT PHILADELPHIA
Miss Roosevelt is on the front seat with Congressman Edward V. Morrell. In the second seat is Countess Cassini, the niece of the Russian ambassador.

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Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, Washington is about the dullest place on earth during the presidential year. On a visit to the capital during the Summer months, it is difficult to realize that a great political campaign is pending. There is a serenity about the executive office near the White House that precludes the idea of agitation. The events of the month at Washington can be briefly summarized in the statement that preparation is being made

for the Fall campaign, but the wheels of government move along in their usual way. The clerical force comes and goes with the regularity of the ebb and flow of the tide. The political prophets may come in for a day or an hour, or even a few days, but they disappear as quietly as they came. A word here and there, a few moves arranged on the political chess boards, but no disturbance apparent.

The selection of George B. Cortelyou



SHADED WALK AND RESTING PLACE OPPOSITE MANUFACTURES PALACE, WORLD'S FAIR



SECRETARY TAFT ENJOYING THE FUN ON THE PIKE AT ST. LOUIS

of the department of commerce and labor for the office of chairman of the national republican committee is one of the important events of the month, and is regarded as well merited recognition

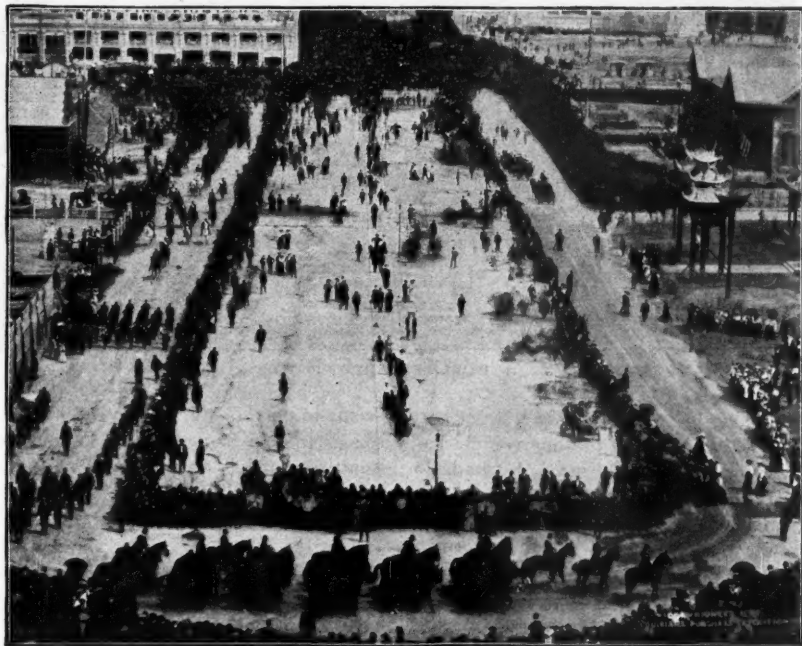
of a most capable man. A modest little sign, like that of some old time inn, displayed in the corridor of the Arlington hotel, announces the present headquarters of the republican national commit-

tee. It is here that Postmaster General Payne is seen night and morning. He has felt that the vigorous effort needed in the East should devolve on Mr. Cortelyou, while he himself looks after the western headquarters, but he will remain an important advisor and directing force of the campaign.

Cool headed, imperturbable, always pleasant, a man who wins friends not for a day but for a lifetime; one who has been intimately associated with three presidents representing the two great political parties, George B. Cortelyou is an inspiration to any young American. Sheer merit has overcome obstacles, for the young man with the pompadour hair and pleasant brown eyes has had an experience of hand to hand struggle with life which serves him well now in dealing with the same propositions on a larger scale involving the interests of

many millions. He possesses that rare mark of genius—hard, rugged “common sense,” and associated with such a man as Elmer Dover as secretary, the republican national committee may well be congratulated on its aggressive young officers.

THERE has been an air of homelikeness about the White House for the past month that was indeed refreshing. The president and his family have made good use of the spacious lawns, which it always seemed to me might be put to some better use than merely to be looked upon and act as a background for the soul freezing sign, “KEEP OFF THE GRASS.” The concerts by the Marine Band give Washington a gala air, and make one think that the circus is in town every day. The automobiles are busy. There is always some means of enjoying



A PARADE ON THE PIKE AT ST. LOUIS

oneself in Washington that seems different from any other city. The people do not rush pellmell to the parks, as if they expected never to get full value for their money; they go calmly and peacefully to stroll along the park avenues or ride in the open cars for hours in the evening, often changing from one car to another. The street cars may well be called the people's automobiles. For myself, I cannot see much gain in speed-

strained anxiety that did not compare favorably with the radiant happiness of the white gowned bevy of girls on the front seat of our car, nor even with the quiet peacefulness of the smokers on the four rear seats, where an air of serenity might be noticed that betokened a mind at rest. No place in America shows so well how street cars may be utilized for obtaining fresh air and rest as does the capital, and the soothing influence that



A WORLD'S FAIR THROG

ing along in an auto beside a street car. The only advantage the one vehicle has over the other is that it may be made to carry the pleasure seeker away from the beaten track. I prefer to trust myself to the mercies of the sturdy motorman rather than the begoggled chauffeur with his honking horn. As I rode along one evening I was interested in studying the faces of the automobilists as they sped along beside us, and they had an air of

seems to pervade the car in these evening excursions is contagious, so that the weary or worried business man finds his cares quietly slipping into the background.

GENIAL Senator Cockrell always suggests to me what Uncle Sam might have looked like if he had been incarnated in the flesh. He has been hard at work since the senate adjourned, clear-



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT DAVID R. FRANCIS AND GOVERNOR AND MRS. RICHARD YATES OF ILLINOIS ON THE STEPS OF THE ILLINOIS BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

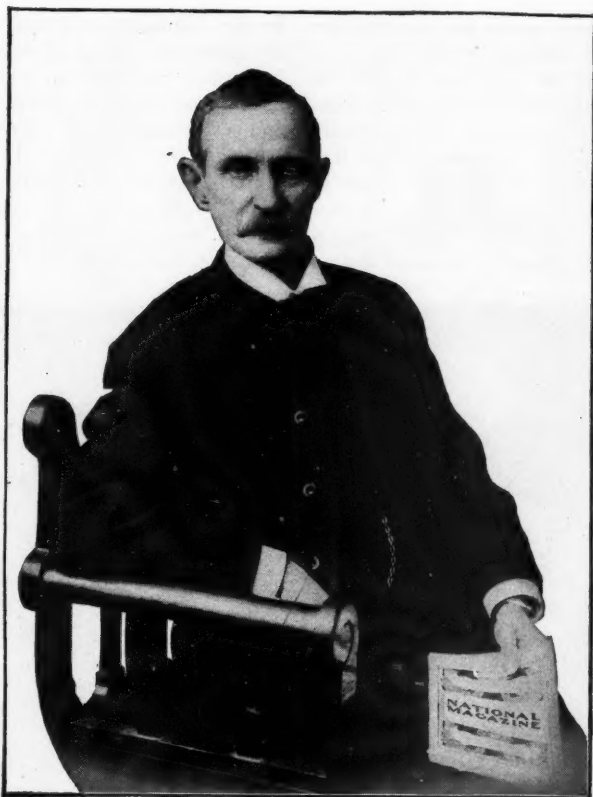


OREGON'S NEW SENATOR, CHARLES W. FULTON

(Copyright, 1903, by Clineinst.)

ing up his desks and getting ready for the coming session. Apparently indifferent to the fact that friends in Missouri have prepared for him a presidential boom, he keeps the "even tenor of his way." Attired in a broadcloth Prince Albert, with gold rimmed spectacles fixed securely upon his Roman nose, a wisp of hair protruding from beneath his slouch hat, the senior senator from Missouri presents a unique appearance and when once his acquaintance has been made no one can feel anything but hearty friendship for him. When I asked him for a tribute to the World's Fair in St. Louis he replied graciously, showing his gold crowned teeth:

"My young man, I have business here to do, but if you will sit down there and write out the best thing you know how, and if it is good enough, I will heartily second the sentiments, for nothing is too good to be said about the splendid achievement of those in charge of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. It would take at least ten thousand words, my boy, to tell the story adequately, and I don't think you had better spare that space just now." The fact that the World's Fair at St. Louis is so intimately associated with the state of Missouri somehow interested me in the hard working veteran who never fails to do his whole duty and take his share of the



REPRESENTATIVE DAVID A. DE ARMOND OF MISSOURI, A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL'S BIG FAMILY OF READERS AND A PROMINENT LEADER OF THE MINORITY IN THE HOUSE

drudgery that falls to the lot of the average senator.

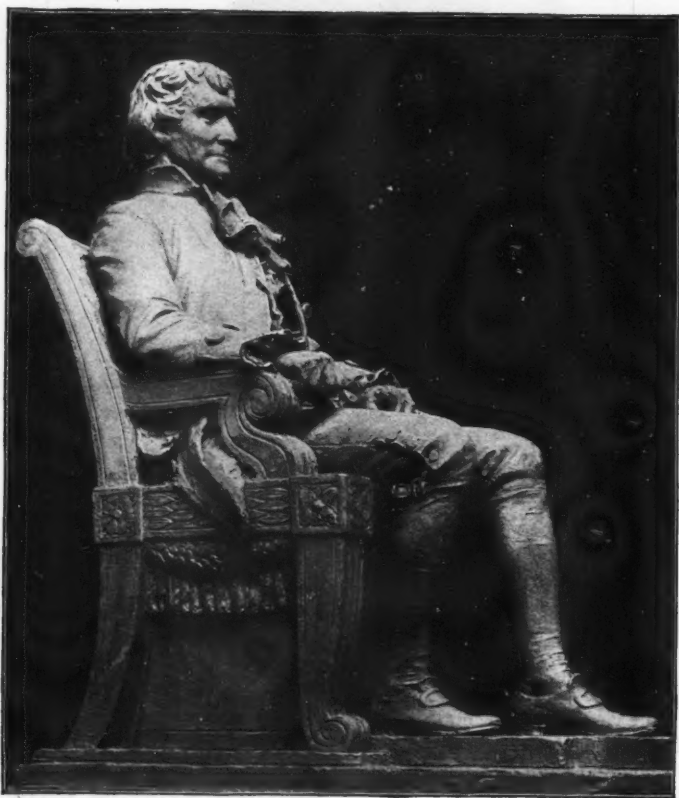
THE passing of Senator Quay calls to mind the last time I saw him, when it seemed as though a new light was cast upon his character and life work. Like many others, I had always regarded "Boss" Quay as a type of the politician who is rather to be avoided than cultivated, but in those last mellow days of this life he seemed to reveal characteristics that indicated how mistaken our views of public men may be. It was at home in his library that Senator Quay

was at his best, for he was a most devoted lover of literature. While it may not accord with the popular taste to pay a tribute to the "Iron Duke" of Pennsylvania, I cannot think that full justice has been done to his life achievements in the few fragmentary comments on his career that are all the records I have found so far. His somewhat squeaking voice and drooping eyes and altogether taciturn and reticent manner had anything but a magnetic effect on those who met him; yet few leaders have had more devoted, loyal followers than Senator Quay. It is logical to presume that

there may be a reason for this, and the reason is not far to seek when we recall the fact that he gave exactly what he received. He was loyal to his friends.

He had a knowledge of human nature somewhat tinged with the cynical that would have been of great advantage to an eminent novelist. Those who saw him in later days sitting in the front row of the senate, moving his head neither

he had planned, could not but admire the force and courage of the man. The last time I saw him he was somewhat discouraged, owing to physical ailment, and yet I thought I saw a gleam of kindness in his eyes that I had never noticed before. The tribute that has been paid to him in his home town, Beaver, where he started in life, is most touching, and far outweighs the general



WORLD'S FAIR STATUARY: J. E. FRASER'S JEFFERSON

to the right nor to the left, and keeping an iron mental grip of such purposes as he desired to accomplish, assaulted and maligned as few men have been in these latter days, yet imperturbably bent on the accomplishment of that which

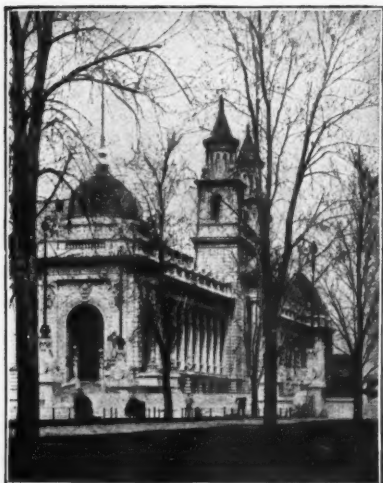
inclination to sneer which characterizes too many of the records of his demise. It seems to me that if we could only obtain the true measure of each other, our criticism would be much softened. We would like each other more.



SECRETARY OF STATE AND MRS. JOHN HAY SIGHT-SEEING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

THERE was a time when I thought I hated Homer Davenport, and now I make haste to say that there is no more lovable man than he among my acquaintances. Like many others, I felt that he

had unpardonably abused one of our greatest statesmen—Mark Hanna. But when I heard the story of that last drawing, in which he tried in four hours of solitude, crying like a child, to make



A VIEW OF THE VARIED INDUSTRIES PALACE
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

humble reparation for all the injustice of his former campaign pictures, and when he related this incident to me with tears in his eyes, I grasped his hand and recognized in Homer Davenport those sterling qualities of the man who is heroic enough to acknowledge wherein he has been wrong. It was during a lecture tour in the South that he heard of Senator Hanna's illness, and although his mind had long since changed con-

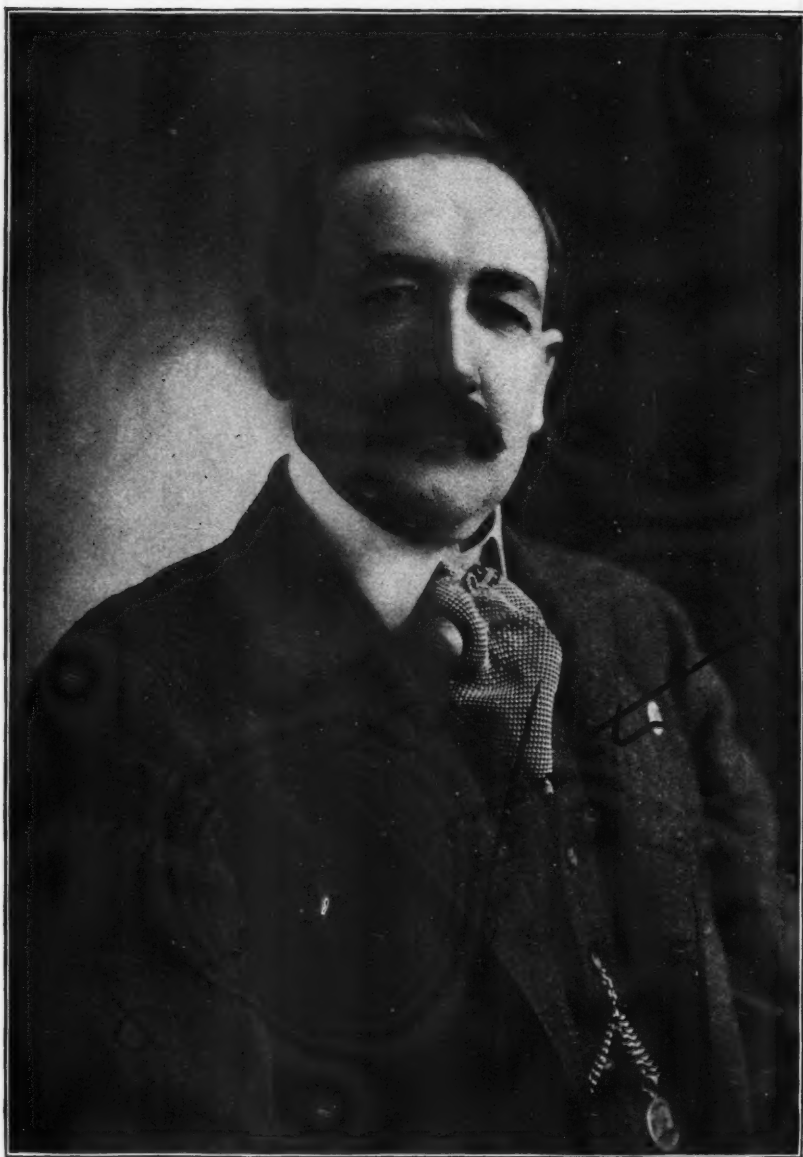
cerning the great man, he felt that he must make haste to let the public know of this change of sentiment on his part. Arriving in Cincinnati, a crowd of newspaper men gathered about him, but he politely asked them to leave him alone, and, shutting himself into a room, he strove with falling tears to draw a picture of the dying statesman that should satisfy himself and repair, at least in some measure, the injustice he had done him. And that picture, which proved to us all that Homer Davenport is indeed America's greatest cartoonist and something more beside, went straight to the hearts of the thousands who loved Mark Hanna. The strong, simple lines of the familiar face told their own story—the face alone stood out, all the rest was mere detail—but in the drawing of that face Homer Davenport expressed his heartfelt respect and love for the dying man. This picture was published in the Cincinnati Enquirer and later republished all over the country. The original was to be presented by request to Mrs. Hanna, but was stolen, and it is hoped that if any who read these lines know anything of its whereabouts, they will at once communicate with Mr. Davenport at East Orange, New Jersey. After visiting with Mr. Davenport at



NAUTCH AND DEVIL DANCERS IN "ASIA," ON THE PIKE



WORLD'S FAIR STATUARY: NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, BY J. GELERT



HOMER DAVENPORT, THE FAMOUS CARTOONIST WHO IS RAPIDLY BECOMING A LYCEUM
STAR OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE

the government building at the World's pheasants and other fowls, I concluded
Fair, where I saw his exhibit of that one of the greatest privileges

of the meeting of the National Editorial Association for me was that I had heard Homer Davenport speak. As a lecturer he has few equals, and there is a hearty wholesomeness about the man not very often met with. He recites in the simplest manner a story that brings forth the smiles and tears of his audience, without any apparent effort on his part, though his great dark eyes beam with the fire of native genius. He stands with head thrown back, and speaks in

I cannot resist the temptation to reproduce the letter written by the senior Davenport to his son at the time the latter was thinking of going upon the lecture platform:

Silverton, Monday, November 24, '02.

HOMER:—

I wrote a letter yesterday, but last night my fancy started again upon the proposition or fact of your being a platform speaker, and I thought of the kind of speeches you will make, and of the



DAVENPORT'S FARM NEAR EAST ORANGE, N. J., SHOWING SOME OF HIS WATER FOWL

a voice that indicates the sturdy mental and physical as well as spiritual force of the man. It is a treat to hear him tell the story of the Silverton brass band. He often speaks with hands in pockets, and at other times a few strokes of his magic pencil upon the paper on his easel heightens the interest of his auditors. What impressed me most in all his talk was the tender tribute which he paid to his father, and in this connection

preparation for them. Of course I had to think of them in comparison with those of Phillips, Beecher, Webster, Everett, and others, all of them learned men and great orators, who could plead a cause with hardly less effect than Demosthenes. But of course you are not of their kind, but *sui generis* and can be no other. And if you should attempt it, would most miserably fail. Edward Everett, the highest product of our schools, wrote his lectures with the most extreme care and criticism, com-

mitted them to memory and rehearsed them over and over, in front of a mirror, to see that every motion and gesture was faultless and tested with his ear to catch any departure or inclination or inflection from the proper vocal expression. You will do none of this. Neither will you amaze men by the extent of your erudition, the profundity of your reasoning or the gracefulness of your rhetoric, and you will not—cannot attempt it. You will just be yourself, if you succeed, and give them a sample of instantaneous, spontaneous mental combustion. And

course the day of your platform efforts. Mental force, aesthetic delicacy, the power of spiritual charm, are all limited in quantity and in their quality depend upon their fullness or sufficiency. Henry Ward Beecher, who depended more upon this aptitude than others, refused to spend his force and fervor in social intercourse when on a lecture tour; hence many people who had heard of his immense mental and emotional diffusion, thought after meeting him and exchanging a few commonplace words, that he had been much overrated. In



YOUNG HOMER DAVENPORT IN THE BOAT WITH HIS SISTER MILDRED AND SOME FRIENDS

recollect, my boy, that in order to produce the best effects, you must be in the highest grade of health, with your faculties on the qui vive, bubbling, pressing for an expression, and then with the magnetic emanation of the audience, which you will appropriate, they will be charmed, instructed, converted, and they may never know how it was done; and if, by chance, your utterances should be seen by them in print, they would be more at a loss than ever.

But you cannot waste your high grade ebullience in visiting and social inter-

planation of this, he said that he saved up his strength for the benefit of his audience; that, as they paid their money in liberal allowance, they were entitled to his best efforts. And your performances will rate according to your bodily and mental and spiritual condition; and don't you forget this, Homer. You will recollect I have told you the same in connection with your art performances. Recollect how, when we were in Washington (and the few days there were heaven to me because with you) four hours' work exhausted you, and then

a carriage ride about the city rested you and filled you up again; for you were the passive recipient of the persuasive, renovating spirit everywhere abroad; then your eyes were opened, but you did not answer my questions and I saw that you were being immersed in the "divine

This letter, written without endearing adjectives, is yet permeated with all the boundless love of a parent for his child. It breathes forth the spirit of true wisdom. Homer Davenport was reared on a farm in Oregon and was a member of



HOMER DAVENPORT'S PORTRAIT OF HIS FATHER AND HIS BABY GIRL, DRAWN FOR THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

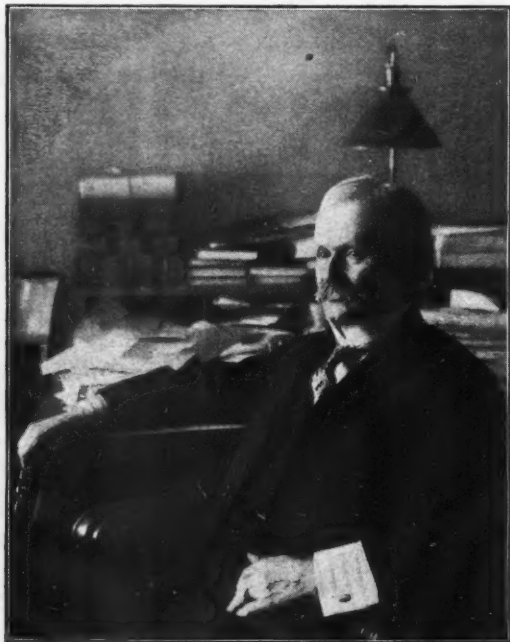
afflatus" upon which you more than most others must depend—the spirit of the beasts and birds, the fields, the woods and not less earth's human inhabitants.

Yours, T. W. D.

the Silverton Brass Band, which he so vividly describes. He joined a circus as a clown at the age of twenty-one. No doubt the echoes of those busy days

reverberate through his life, and the experience gained then has served him well. It must have been hard for the father to give up his boy to such a life. He must have remembered the dying wishes of the heroic pioneer mother, who left her babe of three years to the father's care with the injunction to let Homer grow up a strong man, one who loved the open air, the fields, the birds and the beasts, and it was her wish that

a newspaper office and produced, almost as if by magic, a picture of the champion trotting mare Nancy Hanks when she made her famous record, and from that time he had a steady footing in the sanctum of the managing editor. Coming east, he retained that sturdy simplicity and freshness which has always graced his work. At Washington every line he drew seemed to express the power which has made him the fore-



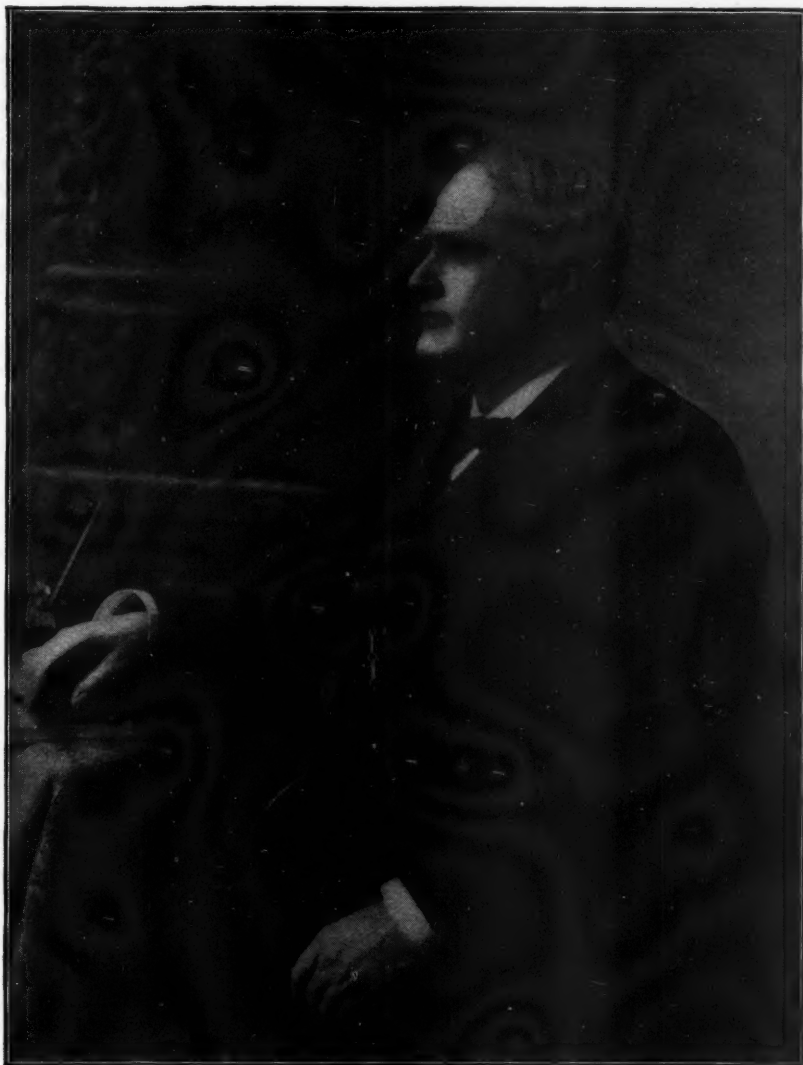
HENRY CASSON, SERGEANT AT ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

he should be a cartoonist. Her own hand had just completed a bib of ticking, to protect the child's frock as he crawled about the floor, making drawings with a carpenter's lead pencil on scraps of paper that forecast his future for the wise mother-eye.

The circus clown had talents that even the rough-and-tumble of Bohemian life could not repress. He drifted into

most American cartoonist since Th. Nast. In Europe he was the welcome guest of Phil May and Whistler. His success is not due to mere technique, but to that subtle something which can only be expressed in the one word, Power.

In these days Homer Davenport, with his charming wife and three children, including little Mildred, who won my



STEPHEN BENTON ELKINS, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM WEST VIRGINIA

Senator Elkins is one of the strongest of the "stand-patters," and will be a leading factor in the national campaign this fall

heart, is more interested in his farm near East Orange than he seems to be in any-ambitious dreams. There he has thirty-five varieties of pheasants and twenty of the twenty-five known varieties

of wild geese, beside a large collection of rare wild fowl from all parts of the world. Indeed his collection is unequalled by any other in this country. Among the rare fowl on his farm which



SENATOR BEN TILLMAN OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
IMPRESSING A POINT UPON HIS COLLEAGUES
(Copyright, 1903, by Clinedinst.)

cannot be found elsewhere in this country are the following named members of the pheasant family: Argus, Impeyan, Crimson Tragopan, Gallus Varius (Fork-tail), Red Jungle Fowl, Anderson's Kellege, and Formosa. To see him at the Inside Inn in a flannel shirt and little slouch hat, expatiating on the treasures of his farm, is a treat indeed.

In one of his lectures he tells a story about two ducks that has a touch of nature in it that seems truly to make the whole world—not mankind alone, but birds and beasts as well—kin. He tells of a little maimed wild duck that he had an opportunity of watching for years. It could not fly, but it kept the devoted affection of its mate, which, though it flew off to the South for the Winter, invariably returned to its crippled comrade each Spring.

Apropos of Mr. Davenport's lecturing career, I secured a capital letter written by the famous manager of lecturers, Major J. B. Pond, shortly before his death, which clearly forecasts the success which Mr. Davenport has made since he resigned his position on a New York newspaper in November last. It was written to Arthur Brisbane and reads as follows:

New York, November 14, 1902.

ARTHUR BRISBANE, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—

Please pardon my presumption in hurrying to write you of the affair at our house last evening. I wish you might have been there to have seen and heard Mr. Homer Davenport. I will try to enlighten you:

As a lecturer he is simply peerless and I believe as effective and eloquent with his voice as with his pencil; and such a magnificent personality and childish simplicity and power of expression I never before witnessed. He held as intelligent and refined an audience as ever he saw or ever will see fairly spell-bound for an hour and a half, wholly unconscious of the effect he was producing; not the slightest effort for oratorical effect; almost entirely without gesture; with a voice as silvery and charming as that of the late Wendell Phillips. It is impossible to predict the success that must be in store for this young genius. He is the best equipped man for wielding an influence wider and more potent in all contemporary reforms than any man of his time. So it seems to me from the brief acquaintance of about four hours with him.

I am writing of Davenport as I could not write of any other man I know or have ever known, excepting Henry Ward Beecher, to whom I had the privilege and honor of being the nearest friend during the last eleven years of his life, and who died in my arms.

I am,

Yours enthusiastically
and dead earnestly,
J. B. POND.

EARLY in May I walked through the Liberal Arts Building at the World's Fair by the side of Secretary John Hay, and was impressed by the intent manner in which he looked upon this great mirror of the achievements of the age. It is no discredit to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago to say the world's fair in St. Louis surpasses it in bewilder-



TURKISH GYPSIES—A MORE OR LESS HAPPY FAMILY ON THE PIKE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR IN ST. LOUIS



CHINESE GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

ing wonderments. Ten years is a great lapse of time, as time goes nowadays, and the evolutions and revolutions in commerce and manufactures in the last decade are truly marvelous. The great show around us was not completed; it was crude, unfinished, and visitors were much disappointed; yet despite all this the vastness and grandeur of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition marked a new period in international exhibitions. The foreign exhibits, notably those of Japan, China, Germany, England and Austria, are revelations of the world's handicrafts such as have never before been gathered together before in one place. Our own cherished triumphs in invention are tested to the utmost in comparison with the European productions. It sobers the American observer for the moment to think that there is a laxness about our productive methods which shows painfully in the contrast with older nations. This is said with no yielding of patriotic pride or enthusiasm—because the best lesson that can be

learned from an exposition is the lesson of progress from those peoples who do some things better than we can do them.

At the entrance of the hall of manufacturers the wide, yellow carpeted aisles of the Austrian exhibit attract attention and offer new suggestions for the beautification of the American home. The display may even satisfy the desire of the American woman for shopping, for here she can look to her heart's content and is not expected to buy. More inquiries were made at the National's booth in the Liberal Arts Palace as to the Redfern exhibit than about anything else. Redfern makes women's gowns in Paris, I am told.

The great double eagles of Kaiser Wilhelm, the green mosaics, and rich furnishings of the German exhibit in manufactures hall, certainly emphasize the fertility and sterling integrity of German workmanship. This will do much to bring Germany into still greater popular favor in the United States. We must

admit that back of all this great display is something more than a mere ethical or expository purpose. The genius of the age is business, as has often been said, and the genius of business is advertising. This aspect of the exposition has not been disguised, for every exhibit means stimulated markets for some special product. The acme of exploitation of wares is found at this World's Fair.

The English exhibit in the manufactures hall is a replica of a typical English country house and is an object of earnest study by visitors. It furnishes suggestions in home making that will not be amiss to some of our rugged pioneers of the great west.

Japan is as alert in expositions as in the battle field. Their exhibit at St. Louis is in working order, and nothing is yet to be seen in the Russian department — late in May — except broad vacant spaces and unopened boxes. Russia, with

her hundred millions, appears to be slow in taking her place in the carnival of the nations.

The Italian building, nestling in the shadow of the exposition headquarters, is a model of artistic taste and beauty; and the statues surmounting either side of the peristyle bid welcome to the artistic impulse which is certainly taking deep root in Amercia.

The artistic exterior mural decorations of Belgium's building remind one of the magnificence of the Hotel de Ville at Brussels. The Belgians make the best of their splendid location.

Holland, with its modest little Dutch house and Delft ware is also most interesting. Miss Alice Roosevelt, the beautiful daughter of the president, paid her visit to the building—tribute to her paternal ancestors. She seemed especially interested in that famous painting by Rembrandt, "The Night Watch."

The Ceylon building at once suggests



ONE OF THE JAPANESE BUILDINGS AND PART OF THE GARDENS OF THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT AT ST. LOUIS



COLONEL J. A. OCKERSON, CHIEF OF THE
DEPARTMENT OF LIBERAL ARTS,
WORLD'S FAIR

increased popularity for Orient tea. The most successful introduction of many commodities to the American markets came through the Columbian exposition at Chicago, and the same will be true in many instances of the fair in St. Louis.

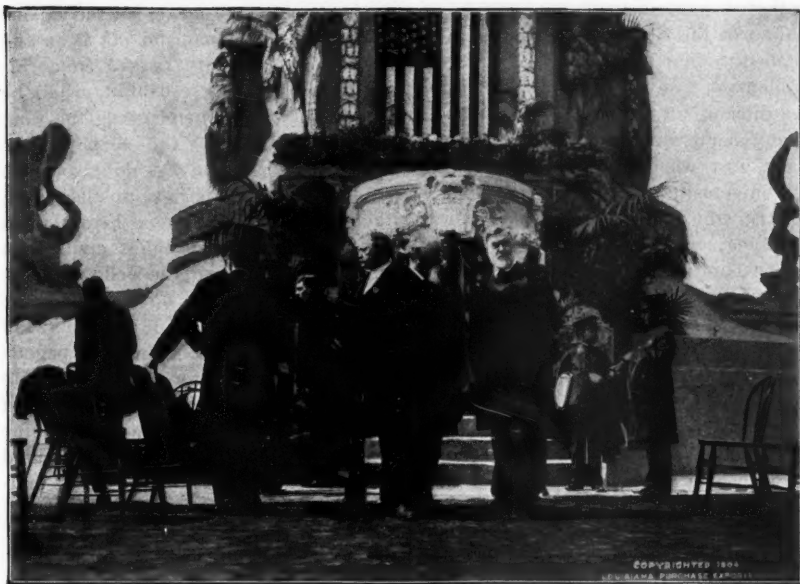
The opening days of the Exposition were anything but encouraging to the managers and exhibitors, but this augurs well for triumphant days to come. Aside from the weather there were the discouragements and delays incidental to labor strikes. But these drawbacks serve rather to emphasize the great purpose that is sure to mature from this exposition and confer ultimate benefits on the nation at large which cannot be computed in mere dollars and cents. It is a Parliament of Human Effort, and no matter how much the situation in St. Louis may be decried by fault finders, the American people will not be slow to recognize the opportunity here presented.

The Palace of Agriculture, alone includes twenty-three acres and this gives an idea of the immensity of

the exposition as a whole. It is not a thing to be looked at in passing, like the Pan-American exposition in Buffalo, nor can an adequate idea be gained in six days of systematic sight seeing, as at Chicago. It may safely be said that some visitors will be disappointed upon their first arrival at the World's Fair at St. Louis, but this feeling will soon give way to delighted astonishment as the vastness of the enterprise grows upon them. Days may pass into weeks, and weeks into months before the visitor can feel that he has even superficially "done" the whole exposition. This "bigness" may be termed essentially American — everything American is laid out on large lines. The towering sixty-foot iron statue of Vulcan in the Palace of Mines, also the gigantic cascades in the center of the fanlike area, fit into the general plan of vastness. The palaces suggest almost every form of architecture known since time began, while no setting could be more beautiful than the great red gumbo walks and the landscape of Forest Park, which together



MARK BENNETT OF THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT,
WORLD'S FAIR



PRESIDENT DAVID R. FRANCIS, HONORABLE THOMAS H. CARTER, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSION, AND TREASURER WILLIAM H. THOMPSON OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

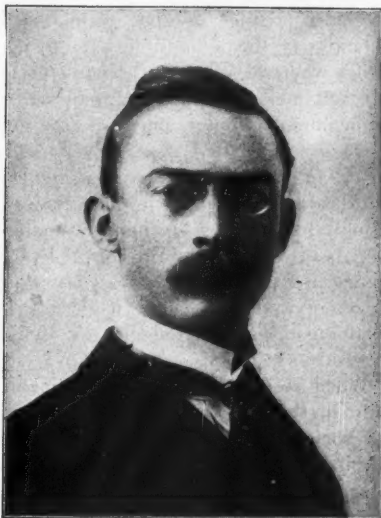
serve to make a picture such as one can never forget.

In illuminations, this fair has thus far not been equal to the Pan-American for the reason that it is so much larger that even the brilliant glare of light supplied is lost in the wide spaces.

The towers of the De Forest wireless telegraph, the preparations for the airship trials, the experiments with radium in the Agricultural department, and investigations daily carried on in the United States government building are indicative of the up-to-dateness of the exposition in following close upon the heels of the world's achievements.

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THE address of Secretary of State John Hay before the international press parliament in Festival hall was to me one of the most interesting features of the month. On the platform were



R. H. SEXTON, PRESIDENT OF THE POSTAL NEWS COMPANY

gathered journalists from almost every nation of the world, and many of them replied in their native tongue, yet to the student of gesture and attitude it was not difficult for the one-language man to comprehend what each was saying, and know just where to applaud, showing the universality of the "Fourth Estate." As the editor of the *Paris Figaro* was speaking, a look or gesture toward "Monsieur Hay" was enough to make an American audience burst forth into applause. Sir Gilzan Reid, the canny Scotch editor, was a host in himself. Such a gathering has never before been known and that scene proved more clearly than ever the well known saying of Edward Bulwer-Lytton,—“The pen is mightier than the sword.”

Secretary Hay's address was classic, yet had a touch of the memories of youth so interesting to us all. He recalled how, when a boy, his chief delight was the "Father of Waters"—swimming in the Summer and skating in the Winter. It must indeed be gratifying to the people of the Mississippi valley that the foremost premier in the world today should pay this grateful tribute to the valley where he was born. Delivered in his rich, melodious voice, with his clear enunciation and fine emphasis, the address was indeed a treat. Every sentence and every paragraph was replete with thought, clothed in such English as only John Hay can command, charming both hearer and reader. Every phrase told and yet there was no effort at oratory, rather a simple modesty that distinguishes one of the greatest living Americans.

When the secretary and his estimable wife in the previous days had stopped for some time to watch the process of turning out the copies of the *National Magazine* complete, and admired the dome, forty-four feet high, which surmounts the booth where the *National* has its headquarters, we felt honored. He

insisted that he wanted to see the exposition as an individual and not as an official. The secretary passed from this booth to the Chinese exhibit, where he also spent some time viewing the wonderful handiwork of the people whose national integrity he has done so much to preserve. There was no disguising the keen flash of his eye as he examined the products of that oldest civilization in the world. Even the yellow dragon flags seemed to have no terrors for the American premier, while the charm of carved ivory and ebony and rich pagoda held his attention for some time. He carried no catalog, but his eyes swept everything within their range with the keen perceptive faculty that has served him so well in his varied career as journalist, author and statesman.

It does not require a prophet to observe that this will be the last great exposition for some time to come. The crescendo has increased steadily since the Crystal Palace Exposition of the fifties in London, continued at the Philadelphia Centennial, the World's Fair in Chicago and the great Parisian shows, and reaching its grand climax in St. Louis. The varied exhibits afford an education such as no university can furnish. For instance, one can see at a glance the intricacies of processes carried on here, which volumes of record and chronicle could not make clear. I never before knew exactly how gas was manufactured, but the exhibit in the Palace of Mines made it all very simple. The great display of armament in the Bethlehem Steel Works show all the appliances of modern warfare, though they hardly suggest the mission of the peaceful Babe born at another Bethlehem long ago. In the Palace of Varied Industries can be obtained an idea of the processes of various manufactures, from the mak-



WATER CARRIER — A WORLD'S FAIR CHARACTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE

ing of shoes to the weaving of cloth on the loom, which teaches the buyer better to appreciate the value of the art represented in the finished product. One feature alone speaks volumes for the

evolution of business methods in the past ten years. It is the introduction of the typewriter, adding machine, graphophone, card filing and indexing systems and many other devices for the expedit-

ing of office work in the busy hives of the work-a-day world.

After all, the most interesting phase of the exposition for the American people is the opportunity furnished them to come into personal contact with each other; from this contact the great benefits of the exposition will eventually bear fruit. Here one rubs elbows with people from all parts of the world, especially from all parts of the two Americas; and an opportunity is afforded to compare the work of our own nation with that of the rest of the world, whereby we are stimulated to further improvements.

The "Jefferson Guard"—the policeman of the exposition—in all his glory is a study beyond compare, and the work furnishes a splendid training school for many a fine young American who studies the exposition in khaki and blue.

The unvarying good nature of the American crowd is here tested under most trying circumstances. Wading through mud or panting in the sweltering heat, they are always cheerful. Living in most primitive and picnic fashion at the fair, yet they are always there for a good time. The crowd in the spacious corridors of the Inside Inn is especially interesting; the only method of finding a friend is to designate a special "post" among the forest of pillars in the hall. This plan is widely adopted after dinner, and it is amusing to stand and watch the rendezvous of the large parties or the single pair of friends at posts. While this hotel may not have all the palatial grandeur of the Waldorf, it does furnish a great convenience, being located inside the grounds. The large scale of things American is again emphasized when it is stated that the rooms of the Inside Inn number 6,200, and that from 5,000 to 6,000 people sit down to a single meal at one time. Some of the visitors call the Inside Inn the "Inside Out," and it is quite possible that the "Tales of the Wayside Inn" may be some day

eclipsed by tales from the Inside Inn, its modern rival.

It is true that St. Louis is hot in Summer, and the greater part of the attendance at the fair will come in the early Autumn months, and even as late as November, when the fair will be in better condition for visiting than at the present time; yet in deferring the visit to St. Louis I am confirmed in the belief that one is taking great chances, because there is just as much to see in the early months as there will be later on; moreover, the crowd of visitors will be less now than later on, while the hot weather is endurable if convenient quarters are secured. For coolness, Forest Park is certainly an oasis in the general area of heat in the lower Mississippi valley. Conditions are particularly favorable for neutralizing the discomforts of hot weather.

THE United States government building at the Exposition, with its contents, is a whole education in essential Americanism. If there were nothing more to come of this exposition than the educative influence afforded by the federal exhibit, it would well repay the enormous appropriation. In the throng gathered there I noticed many a bright lad and lass drinking in ideals and purposes which will mean much to the nation in the future. The achievements of the future must necessarily depend on the inspirations of today. And as I saw boys in open eyed astonishment looking upon the bacteriological inoculation experiment—studying the scientific processes of agriculture—I felt that not only would there be a gain in the basic soil productiveness of the nation in the future, but that its health would also be bettered, for the interest of the onlookers was deeper than mere curiosity—they were learning lessons to be used in their life work.

In the nava department, on the decks



WORLD'S FAIR STATUARY: "ST. LOUIS AND HER GUIDING SPIRIT," BY NIEHAUS

of the dummy ships, were boys examining the guns and equipment, and many of them will doubtless be fired with ambition to fight the battles of the future should need arise. The same is true of the army exhibit, and in the state department were interested youths looking over time worn documents which meant so much to the nation. Who can estimate how many people have had the drift of their lives changed by a visit to an exposition which inspired them with ideas that slowly fructified after the bustle and excitement were all over? When one stands to watch the great machines from the mint rolling out the money one obtains an idea of the magnitude of the United States coinage that even a visit to the mints might not afford.

Every department of the government was well represented in this building, giving those who have never made a trip to Washington an insight into what our country really is. As I walk through this building every day on my way to the National's booth in the Palace of Liberal Arts, a thrill of pride comes over me as I feel that all this belongs not merely to the government, but to everyone of us. Mr. Rockefeller and Secretary Hay have no more right to all this than has the barefoot boy who trudges along with his lunch box.

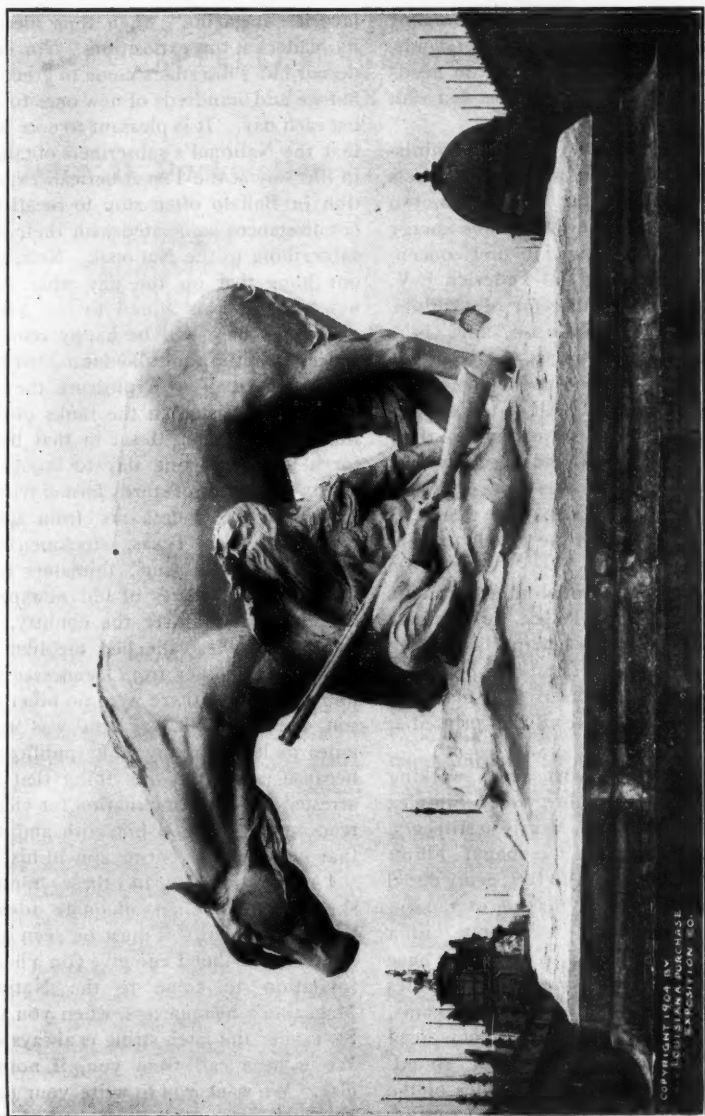
THE state buildings reveal a splendid spirit of fraternity in the great national undertaking of 1904. The fourteen great statues that encircle Festival Hall on either side tell a story in history not soon to be forgotten. These represent purposes that inspire men and women to do things for the nation; there is a suggestion of democracy in these statues, each one representing a state, but all the same size, the younger states being treated with the same consideration as old Louisiana and those which were the original factors of the great Purchase.

The view from Festival Hall, over towers, walks and leaping cataracts, lit by the golden glimmer of the electric light, is certainly a glimpse into fairyland. Off in the distance towers the great Louisiana Purchase monument; to the right are the sunken gardens near the Liberal Arts Palace; to the left lie the Fens with all the brilliancy of the Champs Elysees. The great organ in Festival Hall peals forth, now in a voice of thunder, now soft as the whisper of the Summer breeze; but the fairest sight and sound of all is the people, wandering about in a manner which indicates restfulness and freedom from care: this is their recreation period.

Of the statuary there is no end. So much, in fact, that one almost passes it by unnoticed. The statuary on the grounds of this exposition, perhaps more than on that of any other, represents American subjects and certainly strikes a new note. The student is impressed with the thought that there are worthy models in modern life as well as in ancient Greece and Rome. Simple, every day subjects have been chosen, which seem to gain new dignity from being thus portrayed, and one feels that all labor has a dignity of its own, if seen aright.

The intramural railway belts the grounds and gives the passenger a magnificent view of the color and variety of the exposition as it passes through the seventeen stations. It takes forty-five minutes to go around the grounds, and then the circle is not quite complete. A gap has been left, probably with the idea of preventing the passenger from going 'round in an "endless chain." There is a distinct getting on and getting off place fixed.

The Postal News Company, in charge of Mr. R. H. Sexton, has a broad policy with reference to the representation of publications at the exposition. The company spent thousands of dollars in



WORLD'S FAIR STATUARY: "A PERIL OF THE PLAINS," BY SOLON H. BORGLUM

the construction of news stands, located in all the principal buildings, and also various rendezvous on the grounds and in special buildings. This company has been engaged in the business for several

years in St. Louis and has a reputation for responsible and active work, under the control of practical business men. Mr. Sexton, the president and general manager, was born in Fort Worth,

Texas, and has made the news company business a life study. He understands perhaps as well as any man, the needs of a business so closely associated with the progress of the times.

Located up in the turreted Administration building are President Francis and Secretary Walter B. Stevens, two men who have given their whole energy to this exposition since its first conception. Close at hand are Frederick J. V. Skiff, the brilliant director of exhibits, and Colonel J. A. Ockerson, chief of the Liberal Arts department, whom all the exhibitors in that department have grown to love and admire. All of the departments now have headquarters in their respective buildings, and certainly they have won laurels in this work that will be unfading. They have done their part and now it rests with the people to complete the work.

Naturally our personal interest centers in the Liberal Arts Palace, for it is here that the National Magazine is printing an extra World's Fair edition—produced complete from manuscript to mail bag and a duplicate of the edition printed at Boston.

The production furnishes a working exhibit for the Miehle presses, Simplex typesetting machines, Morrison stitchers, Sanders Engraving Company, Elliott addressing machines, in fact, every detail connected with the "making of a magazine." In section twenty-one, in a small space furnished in green, we have fixed our Summer home. At the sides are four beautiful Corinthian columns, surmounted by eagles with outspread wings, bearing the national shield. Overtopping all this is a replica of the mammoth dome of the national capitol.

It is never necessary to explain that this is the headquarters of the National at St. Louis, and it is truly inspiring to hear from the young ladies in charge of the booth of the pleasant words of greeting and commendation bestowed on "the

favorite magazine" when thus met by its readers at the exposition. Not only do our old subscribers come to greet us, but we add hundreds of new ones to our list each day. It is pleasant to note here that the National's subscribers obtained in this way at the Pan-American exposition in Buffalo often stop to recall the circumstances associated with their first subscribing to the National. Now, it is our hope that on the day when each new subscriber is added to our list in St. Louis there will be happy reminiscences stored up for the future, so that they may recall with pleasure the day when they enlisted in the ranks of National subscribers. I sat in that booth for a few hours one day to enjoy the hearty handgrasp of sturdy farmer friends from Kansas, merchants from Ohio, ranchmen from Texas, stockmen and miners from Missouri, ministers from Michigan and scores of old newspaper friends from all over the country, but none of all these touched me like the tribute of a mother from Tennessee who told me that, if there were no other reason, the National Magazine was worth more to her than any other publication because it was the one thing that first arrested her son's inclination for vicious reading and inspired him with ambition that changed the entire aim of his life.

I cannot hope in these random sketches to give an adequate idea of the World's Fair—it must be seen to be appreciated—but I can give you a hearty invitation to come to the National Magazine's headquarters when you visit St. Louis; the latch string is always out. We want a call from you, if nothing else. We want you to write your name on the register so that other readers of the National, your friends from other parts of the country, may know that you have passed that way. Leave your St. Louis address with us; make use of us in any way possible. We want to serve you in any way in our power.

EARLY IDEALS OF GREAT MEN

WHAT ROCKEFELLER AND HANNA WROTE FIFTY
YEARS AGO

John D. Rockefeller

on

"FREEDOM"

"EDUCATION"

"THE CHARACTER OF ST.
PATRICK"

"THE RECOLLECTIONS OF
THE PAST"

Marcus A. Hanna

on

"THE NATIONS OF THE
EARTH"

"ENGLAND AND THE UNITED
STATES"

"TRUE FRIENDSHIP"

"LIFE"

THE STORY OF A REMARKABLE CLASS OF CLEVELAND SCHOOLBOYS

BY FRANK T. SEARIGHT

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

AMONGST the faded, yellow pages of an old—a very old—book which no amount of money could buy from its owner, are a number of the schoolboy compositions of three men who later became famous senators of the United States, of one boy who became the greatest money king the modern world has known, and of a little girl who became the wife of the great money king.

The boys were Marcus Alonzo Hanna, Edward O. Wolcott, James K. Jones and John D. Rockefeller; the girl was Celestia Spelman, now Mrs. John D. Rockefeller. A further strange fact is that two of these boys in later years became the chairmen of the national committees of the two great political parties—Jones of the democratic and Hanna of the republican—as well as the leaders of their respective parties in the United States senate, while "Eddie" Wolcott won hardly less distinction as a senator

of the United States from Colorado.

The owner of the little age-yellowed book is Andrew Freese of Cleveland, Ohio, and no offer of money could induce him to sell the volume, though he has now for the first time permitted copies of several of these compositions to be made, and has allowed the National Magazine's representative to make photographic facsimiles of some of the early writings of Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller.

Mr. Freese is nearly a century old. His greatest joy is that he trained the mind of a boy who was to become a man beloved by the whole people, and his greatest sorrow—a crushing blow in his declining years—was the death of his kindest and most powerful friend, Senator Hanna.

For years past, with a mind as clear as a bell, the venerable schoolmaster has proudly shown this little book to his friends, always with loving comment

upon the maturity and purity of character displayed by his pupils in these their youthful writings.

It was in the first two weeks of July, 1854, that Mr. Freese assigned several of his boys to write each four compositions, as a preliminary test for promotion to the high school. They were then in the grammar school and the school quarters were in the basement of the old Universalist church of Cleveland, long

since destroyed. Mr. Freese had founded the first high school west of the Alleghanies, and was superintendent of public instruction in Cleveland for many years. On this occasion he told the boys to choose their own subjects, and, in quarters that were small, dingy and unsuitable to freedom of thought, the four worked, and these were the compositions that John D. Rockefeller handed up for inspection:

EDUCATION

WHEN we look around us and see the continual progress education is making, and also the great changes that have been constantly taking place since it began to rise, we cannot but think that everyone ought to endeavor to improve the great opportunities which are now offered them.

Had Isaac Newton been an unlearned man, on seeing the apple fall to the ground, would he not rather have eaten it than have enquired why it fell?

FACSIMILE OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S COMPOSITION ON "THE CHARACTER OF ST. PATRICK"

The Character of St. Patrick
The first saint that history gives
of St. Patrick is about the year four hundred
and fifty. It is supposed by historians
that he was a native of Rome.
But his youth he was carried to Ireland
and afterwards made a slave.
Then he was occupied for several
years in keeping sheep, but he at
length made his escape and applied
himself very diligently to study and went
to Rome where he received an education
as a Bishop. After his education was
finished he again returned to Ireland.
But in difficult circumstances found a
poor shepherd, for he had become a
Bishop. Which was in those days a very
high office. History gives instance of the

power of a Bishop being equal to and
 pain greater than that of a King.
 On his arrival he devoted
 himself with great zeal to the conversion
 of the people to Christianity. He had
 hitherto professed the religion of the
 Druids, but in the space of a few
 years nearly the whole island was converted
 to the doctrine of the gospel as taught
 by St. Patrick. He was far superior
 to them knowledge and held a great
 sway over their minds. They well thought
 him to be a St. Patrick. It is well told
 of the wonderful things that he did
 but a great many of them are hardly
 credible.

When we take a review of his
 life we can clearly see that he was a man
 of no ordinary abilities and that there
 are few men whose names are recorded
 on the page of history that have risen
 from so low a station to such heights of
 fame and glory.

John D. Rockefeller

It was the habit of mind which education gives that led Robert Fulton to discover the great power and use of steam, and if we think of any of the important inventions or discoveries since the commencement of civilization, we shall find that the inventors or discoverers were learned men; hence education is one of the principal causes of the rapid improvement of the world. In former times when learning was confined to the monks and priests, and not spread among the people, then it was that the world stood still, and it was not until the people were educated and began to think for themselves that it progressed.

It commenced to rise, as it were, from the bottom of a high mountain, while ignorance at the top began to descend—the two have long since passed each other, and education, which is still rising, has the top of the mountain in view, and when it reaches that—then ignorance will be at the bottom, and education will reign alone.

This much desired time will be, but is not now, for although ignorance is continually diminishing, it yet rules with a strong hand. There are still millions of people who cannot write their name—they have no thought for themselves but let others think for them.

Such are to be pitied—but their number is now continually decreasing, for there are common schools placed throughout our free United States, giving an opportunity to every person to improve themselves.

Here are several things which retard the progress of education. I said before that free schools give an opportunity for almost every one to learn, but these are established only in the Free States—at the South they are scarcely known, nor can education reach the poor and friendless slave, for if it could, they would find that all men were born "Free and Equal."—they would see their true position, and would soon throw off their bonds. In the North, education is fast progressing, but in the South it is not so, for this mighty evil of Slavery holds it back, and its bad effects are felt not only among the blacks but the whites also, for by preventing education from spreading among the negroes, they keep it in a measure from themselves.

When over three millions of people are thus deprived of every means of improvement the progress of education must necessarily be retarded, and until the curse of Slavery is abolished this unfortunate state of things must continue at the South.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST

WITH what fond recollections do we look back to the past, blended as it is with joys and sorrows. With these recollections we are carried back to the earliest scenes of childhood, the remembrance of which is stamped upon our minds with letters that time cannot efface and which twine around our hearts and bind us with tenfold love to the homes we have left perhaps forever.

There still stands the old homestead around which we have spent so many days of harmless and innocent pleasure.

The little brook also, along which we have so often wandered to pluck the wild flowers as they grew upon its beautiful bank, and where we have played for hours beneath the shade of the spreading oak and listened to the sound of the waterfall, is still flowing onward and will continue to do so until we shall be laid in the cold ground and our names forgotten forever.

There are also near and dear friends with whom we associated in days gone by. We see them with our mind's eye as they once were, but, alas, how changed now! Some of them still remain where we associated with them in childhood's days; others have gone forth into the world to seek their fortunes, and some have gone to that home from which no traveler returns. Some of us look back to the death bed of a kind mother, when we were called to take the last look of that dear parent after all the efforts of physicians were baffled, and no hopes of life and returning health were left. We see her as she looked around upon her children and with tearful eye and clasped hands raised a prayer to God for their pro-

tection, and, sinking back upon her pillow with a calm composure, closed her eyes in that sleep that knows no waking, the spirit having winged its way from that tenement of clay to the spirit land, and left the body a cold and motionless corpse. Then came the funeral procession, and with a solemn march that body was taken to the place of burial where it "softly lies and sweetly sleeps low in the ground."

Let us turn from scenes of the death chamber to those of a different nature, for life is not made up of one or two scenes; but it may be compared to a vast panorama presenting many different figures, each figure with various sides, some dark and some bright. Let us turn our attention to one of those—to wit: the old school house. The brightest side of the figure was the outside, not on account of its beauty or cleanliness but because more pleasure was enjoyed there. Many and pleasant were those scenes of joy and mirth where we met from day to day upon the green by the side of that old school house to engage in our childish sports. But they have past away. Those little boys and girls that so often sported there have long since left the scenes of their childhood and are now separated forever from those happy scenes. The old school house itself has been torn down and were we to go back to the place where it stood we should see it only in imagination.

All, all has changed, but such is life. Soon, and our dust will be mingled with that of the well remembered building.

Cleveland, July 5th, 1854.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

FREEDOM

FREEDOM is one of the most desirable of all blessings. Even the smallest bird or insect loves to be free.

Take, for instance, a robin that has always been free to fly from tree to tree and sing its cheerful songs from day to day—catch it and put it into a cage which is to it nothing less than a prison, and, although it

in imagination
 All all has changed but such a
 life soon & our dust will be mingled with that of
 the well remembered building

*John D. Rockefeller
 Cleveland
 July 5th 1854*

FACSIMILE OF CONCLUDING LINES OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S COMPOSITION ON "THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST"

may there be tended with the choicest care, yet it is not content.

How eloquently does it plead, though in silence, for liberty. From day to day it sits mournfully upon its perch, meditating, as it were, some way for its escape, and when at last this is effected, how cheerfully does it wing its way out from its gloomy prison house to sing undisturbed in the branches of the forest trees. If even the birds of the air love freedom, is it not natural that man, the Lord of creation, should?

I reply that it is, and that it is a violation of the laws of our country and the laws of our God that man should hold his fellow man in bondage.

Yet how many thousands there are at this present time even in our own country who are bowed down by cruel masters to toil beneath the scorching sun of the South?

How can America under such circumstances call herself free? Is it extending freedom by extending to the South one of the largest divisions of land that she possesses for the purpose of holding slaves? It is a freedom that if not speedily checked will end in the ruin of our country.

Cleveland, July 3d, 1854.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



THE CHARACTER OF ST. PATRICK

THE first account that history gives of St. Patrick is about the year four hundred and fifty. It is supposed by historians that he was a native of France. In his youth he was carried to Ireland and afterward made a slave.

Here he was occupied for several years in keeping sheep, but he at length made his escape and applied himself very diligently to study and went to Rome, where he received an education as a Bishop.

After his education was finished he returned to Ireland, but in different circumstances. From a poor shepherd boy he had become a Bishop, which was, in those days, a very high office. History gives instances of the power of a Bishop being equal to and greater than that of a king.

On his arrival he devoted himself with great success to the conversion of the people to Christianity. They had hitherto professed the religion of the Druids, but in the space of a few years the whole island was converted to the doctrines of the gospel as taught by St. Patrick. He was far superior to them (in) knowledge and had a great sway over their minds. They even thought him to be a saint. Great stories are told of the wonderful things he did, but a great many of them are hardly credi(ta)ble.

When we take a review of his life we can clearly see that he was a man of no ordinary abilities, and that there are few men whose names are recorded on the pages of history that have risen from so low a state to such heights of fame and glory.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.



Description of a Thunder shower

One sultry afternoon in the early part of summer I was sitting at my chamber window watching the light fleecy clouds as they moved rapidly through the blue arch above. The day was so very warm that the little birds had ceased their merriment, and retired from the burning rays of the sun to the thick shade of the forest trees.

The tiny flowers had closed their petals and drooped their heads, and the sunning larks had almost ceased murmuring and lay apparently listless.

The streets of the great city were entirely filled with dust and seemed as if these led as long as sultry that most of the inhabitants had retired within their houses. Not a breath of air was stirring and the leaves of the trees laden with dust hung motionless.

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S COMPOSITION ON A THUNDERSHOWER

of his subjects. Mr. Freese has often pointed to the boy's words of that early day as a prophecy which Hanna, as a man, saw fulfilled and helped in the fulfillment. He has called attention to the boy Hanna's dreams of commercial and industrial supremacy for the land of his birth, and how these dreams came true ere the mantle of death fell upon the shoulders of Hanna, the man.

If a literary monument were to be

erected by that class that knew Hanna best—and of necessity loved him most—the newspaper fraternity, the best foundation stone would be these simple writings of his own, conceived in boyish enthusiasm, yet full of patriotism, nobility of thought, earnestness of purpose, analysis of emotions and a keen appreciation of friendship.

These were the compositions that Mark submitted to his teacher:

THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH

THIS earth although ruled by the hand of one mighty Agent is a continued scene of variety and change, for during a brief space of time we witness the rise and fall of mighty empires. For instance, Rome in ancient days, which like a soaring eagle rose with unrivaled speed in the world of fame, scarcely reached the highest pinnacle of glory when

"A Mother's love! there's naught so pure,
So permanent, and so kind."

Truly and beautifully hath the poet spoken
that a mother's love is pure can scarcely be doubted.

Even the heart's first love cannot exceed it
and if the depths of the earth were searched there
could not be found a diamond purer. It shines
as brightly through all her actions as the first
beams of the sun when they glance along the moun-
tain tops and stream through the valleys.

Love a pure love is also constant
If you follow the beloved child and seems to say
like Ruth of old, "whither thou goest I will go,
where thou lodgest I will lodge." It is not like love of
a less pure nature swayed to and fro by every passing
breeze but remaining firm and constant to the end.

No matter in what situation the child may
be placed a mother's love is always near and like a
guardian angel hovering over him to soothe his comfort
encourage and advise him. And when like too many

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S COMPOSITION ON MOTHER LOVE

she commenced her downward course to ruin. And what is she now when compared with what she was in former days? Then behold her in the highest position of glory: with her victorious armies headed by the most skillful generals of the age, establishing her power over all the surrounding countries: and by their glorious achievements and gallant deeds rendering her name immortal. But look at her now, and what is she? Naught but a mass of mouldering ruins which even a weary traveler would scarcely pause to gaze at. Where now is all her former splendor and the undisputed fame that she enjoyed? It lies smothered beneath the huge piles of architecture that reared their lofty heads so majestically toward the heavens and proclaimed to the world the unbounded wealth and distinction contained in that proud capital. But Rome is not the only nation that has fallen a victim to her own ambition; for others have shared a similar fate and learned by dear bought experi-

ence that a nation can never prosper when she depends upon the glory of her arms to obtain a name and standing among the nations of the earth. Not only in ancient but in modern days we see instances of the fatal consequences of false ambition. Why is it the United States have advanced so rapidly in civilization and have succeeded so well in establishing for themselves a name that must ever remain bright upon the pages of history? It is because she depended upon the industry and perseverance of her citizens instead of the fame and distinction of her arms.

Had she done as Rome did, how different would have been the situation! Instead of being the abode of peace and industry this sweet land of liberty would have been a depot of strife and bloodshed and perhaps ruled by the iron rod of despotism instead of being governed by just and well framed laws. But thanks to the advantages of a Republican government the United States occupies a position which can never be reached by the grovelling power of despotism, and which must ever serve as an example for all nations. What a vast change would there be in the condition of every nation if they would substitute the implements of industry for those of war, and would content themselves to till the soil instead of butchering their fellow men, and unite all their efforts in trying to promote the great common cause of

"Peace and industry among all men."

MARCUS A. HANNA



ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES

WHEN we compare the respective standing of these two great nations on the point of civilization it would be difficult to give the preference to either, without weighing carefully the merits of each and observing closely their progress in the arts and sciences. 'Tis true that England has been for many years the unrivaled nation of the earth: but the United States have been like a soaring eagle gradually but rapidly mounting on their upward flight to fame, and now that she has reached an exalted position in the eyes of the world, she gazes with an eye of indifference upon her mighty rival. England saw too plainly the advantage of a free republic and tried to nip it in the bud, and in that way prevent the rapid progress of her colonies, but the American people had too clear a conception of the advantages of a free government to be thus quietly held back from their rights, and with the immortal Washington at their head, they gained their liberty, though not without many a hard fought battle. England, 'tis true, possesses extensive manufacturing and commercial interests and exports her goods to all parts of the globe, thinking with pride that none can equal them. But this is a sad mistake, for the United States, though their manufactures (when compared with those of the mother country) is yet in their infancy, can furnish goods equal if not superior to those of England. In England the land is

held by wealthy lords and nobles, who spend their time and money to gratify their own selfish desires while hundreds of the poorer class are struggling hard to gain a living and enduring all the privations that poverty can inflict. Not so in this land of liberty. Here every man is free and all enjoy equal rights and privileges, and every honest and industrious man can gain a comfortable livelihood. Why is it that so many of the subjects of England and indeed nearly every country are flocking to the American shores? It is because they are forced to seek shelter from the iron grasp of despotism and a continual life of bondage and suffering, and knowing that America is an asylum for the oppressed they hasten to place themselves under its protecting care. Well may the proud Peers of England scratch their heads and look grave as they behold the upward flight of the proud eagle of America, which, not content with the common spirit of nations, is seeking a wider field of glory. And she now looks down from her pinnacle of fame with the utmost contempt upon the degraded situation of Despotism and Tyranny.

MARCUS A. HANNA.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP

LIFE on earth is but a dreary pilgrimage beset with many trials and hardships. What, therefore, is more essential to secure the promotion of our happiness during that brief period, than to possess that indispensable treasure, a friend. By that word I mean not those who may style themselves friends and seek friendship only for the hope of gaining the friendship of those who are fortunate enough to possess great wealth, hoping by so doing to share with them their riches. To try the fidelity of such friends let us suppose some sad misfortune to befall one who in worldly goods is rich and by this means has drawn around him a large circle of apparent friends. In his sorrow it is a consolation to him to think that he had friends to whom he can apply now that he is in need. But alas how sadly he is disappointed, for those who so truly professed to be his friends, now that he requires their services have forsaken him, and now how strongly does he feel the need of a true friend. Indeed it is a comfort of no small importance to possess a friend in whom we find all that is needful for such an associate and one whom we can safely trust with the secret of all our joys and sorrows. But in selecting such companion we should beware of false pretensions and not trust in outside appearances, lest by forced smiles and soft words we may be drawn into a well laid snare which may forever blast our hopes of future happiness. But with a true friend by our side to aid us in our difficulties and to sympathize with us in our sorrow and share with us the grief which may weigh so heavily upon our downcast spirits, we might well and truly exclaim that there is no possession of earth that will compare with true friendship.

MARCUS A. HANNA

LIFE

THE brief space we are permitted to remain on this earth is by no means the extent of life. It is but the preparation for the life to come or what might be styled our infancy. The many trials and temptations that we are obliged to encounter during this time plainly show us the necessity of strongly guarding against them and beginning in time to prepare ourselves to enter upon the long journey of life hereafter. The man who from his youth up has been in the habit of indulging in the many ways of sin, and has permitted himself to be led astray by the numerous temptations which beset the path of life, discovers but too late the danger of his position. What, therefore, must be his feelings as he stands upon the brink of the giddy precipice and casts a look of horror and despair into the frowning gulf beneath him, and with what rapidity does the events of his past life rush through his brain, fairly overwhelming him by their dark and wicked appearance. And how clearly does he see his misspent life passing like a panorama before him on which all his sins are painted but too vividly! And knowing what is to be his future destiny, he shudders as he thinks of the dreadful fate that awaits him; what would he not now give could he only begin over in life and make right the false steps of his past existence. But it is too late (to) consider these matters, for Time waits for no one, and Death is staring him in the face, and he is fast sinking into his grasp. He dares not now ask for pardon of Him whose laws and commandments it has been his delight and enjoyment to disobey and in whose presence he must shortly appear to give an account of his actions during his life on earth. He does not even hope for pardon since he has spent his life totally regardless of those means by which he might ensure eternal happiness. So with a look of despair pictured upon his countenance he utters his dying groan and sinks into the iron embrace of Death. Such examples should (serve) to warn us of the shortness of this part of life and to remind us of the punishment in the life hereafter if we do not improve the short time given us by our Maker in order that we may prepare ourselves for future existence.

MARCUS A. HANNA

MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER was her husband's schoolmate-sweet-heart, a fact as little known as the woman herself outside her circle of acquaintances in Cleveland. Mr. Freese has often said of her that she was the most interesting of his girl pupils; and when he went over her compositions with me and turned the book over to me with repeated requests to be careful of it, he said:

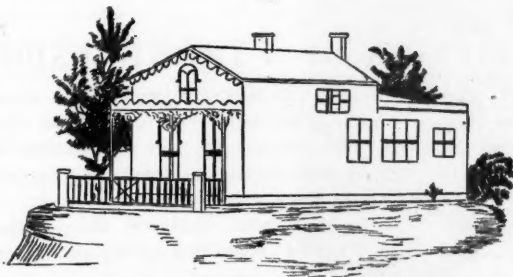
"I remember Cettie Spelman, as they all called her, best of all. Celestia

Spelman was her correct name. She was 'Johnny's' schoolmate, his sweetheart of boyhood days, and is now his wife. While the presents 'Johnny' has made me have brought many a pleasant thought, the knowledge of the grand spirit of Mrs. Rockefeller is deeper to me than you can know. In her school-girl days she displayed the generous, loving nature that has characterized her in later years. She has secretly helped many a poor classmate whose clothes were not as good as her own in order

that the difference in their dress might not prove an obstacle to a continuation of their friendship. Since her husband has become the richest man in the country she has told me of her struggle between inclination and lack of opportunity to pay attention to the old friends of her girlhood days. Riches and social prestige have not changed her, for hers is a nature that environment could never change, and she is as thoughtful of others and craves the friendship of friends of old days as much as she did when she was a pupil in my little school, years and years ago. To me she is the same

Cettie Spelman I have ever known."

The early writings of Celestia Spelman show that beauty of character which has manifested itself in charitable work in later years. Two of her compositions of girlhood days are in her old schoolmaster's treasured book. The first—so sacred a subject that she left it without a title—is an early insight into the noble qualities of the girl. It is a pencilled token of the love she felt for her mother. The other reveals her love for nature, and her powers, even then, of depicting nature in an interesting and lifelike way. This is her first composition:



COTTAGE DRAWN BY MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
(CELESTIA SPELMAN) IN 1854

"A mother's love! there's naught so pure
So constant and so kind."

TRULY and beautifully hath the poet spoken. That a mother's love is pure can scarcely be doubted. Even the heart's first love cannot exceed it and if the depths of the earth were searched there could not be found a diamond purer. It shines as brightly through all her actions as the first beams of the sun when they glance along the mountain tops and stream through the vallies.

Such a pure love is also constant.

It ever follows the beloved child and seems to say, like Ruth of old: "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge." It is not, like love of a less pure nature, swayed to and fro by every passing breeze, but remains firm and constant to the end.

No matter in what situation the child may be placed, a mother's love is always near and like a guardian angel hovers over him to soothe, to comfort, encourage and advise him. And when, like too many, he has gone far and plunged deep in vice and crime, if he allows himself to

pause a moment in his downward career, the pure and constant love of his mother is not forgotten; the precepts she taught him as he sat upon her knee are vividly brought to his remembrance and he inwardly feels that she loves him yet and almost imagines he hears her sweet voice gently entreating him to come back to duty: and he wonders why he could have so forgotten it. Such love cannot be otherwise than kind. It makes the greatest allowances for the child and when disapprobation is justly merited still love is felt. I do not intend to say that it is indulgent, for then it would not be kind, but it always strives to obtain obedience by kindness rather than by austerity.

Surely there is nothing so pure, so constant and so kind as a mother's love and it very seldom fails of having great influence over the future character and destiny of the child.

Long years after the mother has been laid in the tomb her love survives her.

CETTIE SPELMAN

DESCRIPTION OF A THUNDERSHOWER

ONE sultry afternoon in the early part of Summer I was sitting at my chamber window watching the light, fleecy clouds as they moved rapidly through the blue arch above. The day was so very warm that the little birds had ceased their melodious songs and retired from the burning rays of the sun to the thick shade of the forest trees.

The tiny flowers had closed their petals and drooped their heads and the running brook had almost ceased murmuring and lay apparently lifeless.

The streets of the great city were entirely filled with dust and seemed as if deserted, it being so sultry that most of the inhabitants had retired within their houses. Not a breath of air was stirring and the leaves of the trees, laden with dust, hung motionless. Suddenly

"The sky with clouds was overcast."

The wind blew furiously, filling the air with clouds of dust, and then the rain poured down in torrents. It seemed for a few moments as if the windows of heaven were again opened and we were to have a second deluge.

Soon was heard peal after peal of thunder, like the roaring of distant cannon, followed in quick succession by the vivid lightning.

Presently the rain ceased and scarcely had the last drop fallen before the sun shone out as brightly as before. The earth which was parched and dry now was moist and all nature assumed her liveliest hue. The little birds sung forth their songs of praise and thankfulness to their Maker that he had so refreshed them with the much needed rain.

The heart of man was also affected, and although he does not utter it, he feels to adore and bless God for his watchful care over his creatures.

CETTIE SPELMAN

TWO of Mrs. Rockefeller's drawings appear in the book. Both are in pencil and very dim. Under one is the simple date, "April 26, Chestnut St., Celestia Spelman." As though Celestia were her Sunday name and to be attached only to her best efforts, this is the only instance of its appearing on any of her work. Her other drawing has the added note: "June 28, Cleveland. Abbey Castle. Cettie Spelman."

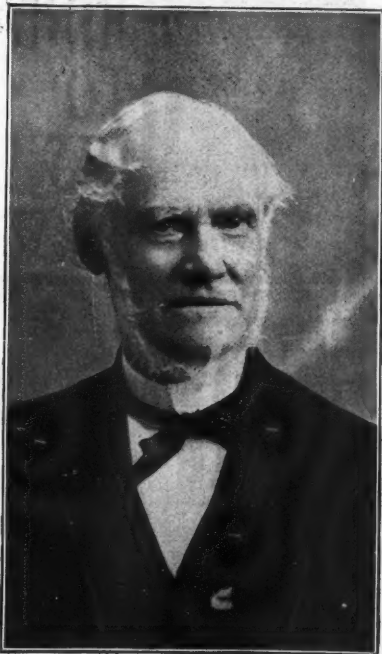
Two compositions by Miss Lucy Spelman also appear in this collection. They are entitled "Stars" and "There's Not a Day Without a Cloud." Both are clever and show the gloomy side of Lucy Spelman's nature in sharp contrast with her sister's optimistic views.

Young Rockefeller's compositions and his boyish dreams were alive with the spirit of freedom. An article he wrote on the subject of education leaves no doubt as to how soon in life the desire to endow colleges dominated him. His temperament, as these compositions show, was, even then, artistic; his imagination strong and healthy. He had the ambition but lacked the concentration of some of his fellows at that period in his history, so it was that the schoolmaster found it necessary to look after him when his school days were over and to help him to his first position, that of checkman on a steamboat; then to see him safely installed in the business of buying and selling hoopoles, and finally into oil refining, at which he laid the foundation for his vast riches of today.

This little book affords evidence that "Johnny" helped other pupils in the writing of their compositions—an aid that meant, perhaps, high school honors for many of them. His handwriting ap-

pears in all the other boys' essays in the book.

The man of greatest wealth has often seen the little faded volume, and the old schoolmaster has told, when in confidential mood, of the changing expressions on the magnate's face as he read one composition, then another; of the return of an almost boyish smile as some sub-



ANDREW FREESE, WHO TAUGHT MR. AND MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, MARK HANNA, AND OTHERS WHO BECAME FAMOUS, FIFTY YEARS AGO

ject called to mind a prank played by or upon its writer; of the puzzled look at finding an essay with only the first name of its writer signed to it, and the look of sadness at this foot-note to the writing of a well remembered chum:

"Went to California and died there."

THE MAN WHO WAS KIND TO HIS HORSE

LATE in the forenoon of a warm August day a comely, pink-cheeked young man was traveling into the town of Springvale. His conveyance, a smartly painted, cream enameled, cloth topped wagon, bearing on its side the inscription "Inter-Oceanic Biscuit Company, Whittaker Betts, Agent," was drawn by a plump little bay horse that seemed always to have had the kindest of care. Approaching the first was a second and far less well favored wagon. Its color was a faded, dirty blue, and an observer's sense of smell would have aided his sense of sight in recognizing it as the property of a fish vendor. The driver was a short, middle aged man of dispirited aspect, and the lean old white horse jogging clumsily through the fine dust with which the road was thickly



FRANK
M. + + +
BICKNELL

powdered, suggested more than anything else a dilapidated machine that had reached its last stage of usefulness. As the two equipages were about to pass, the dealer in fish reined up and made signs that he wished to accost the biscuit agent, whereupon the latter drew rein also.

"Morning!" began the fishman, in

a doleful, wheezy voice. "Hot, ain't it! How's business with ye, hey?"

"Not very brisk yet," replied Whitaker Betts, with a deprecatory smile; "I've only just started in today, so I haven't got fairly to going. I'm trying to work up a little trade in fancy cakes and crackers," he explained. "There's no one else in my line coming through this way, is there?"

"No, you won't have no compeetitors, far's I know," the other replied glumly, "but you'll find folks is dreadful scattering in these parts, and mighty fond of holding on to their nickels, too. Say," he continued, dropping his voice to an asthmatic whisper, "le' me ask ye a question. Do you give that hoss o' yourn ice cream for dinner, and a feather bed to lay down on night times, hey?"

Betts opened his blue eyes very wide and stared doubtingly into his interlocutor's countenance, which, however, did not relax one jot of its owl-like solemnity.

"Why, no, I haven't been in the habit of doing so in the past," he finally answered.

"Then you'd best git into the habit right away in the future, afore you 'tempt to call at that next house you're a coming to," advised the fish dealer impressively. "She won't patternize ye if ye don't. She is jest the biggest crank you ever sot eyes on, and don't you forget that."

"Crank! On what?" Betts asked.

"Prevention o' cruelty to animils," said his new acquaintance, in a tone of intense disgust. "She's clean loony on the subjick. She don't care no great about the sufferings o' humans, but when it comes to cats and dogs and hosses and such, she's right to home every time. She don't give me no peace," he went on aggrievedly, "for dinning it into me that I'd ought to git red o' this hoss o' mine. She says he's too old to work. Why, he's only nineteen, and he's got more ginger in him now than half the

colts. Exercise in moddyration don't hurt a hoss; it dooz him good. It's a sight better for beast or human to wear out than to rust out—don't the proverb tell us so, hey? But she declares that if I come 'round on my rowt with this hoss ag'in she won't buy no fish of me, and, what's more, she'll tell all her friends not to. She'll keep her word, too," he concluded wrathfully; "she's the richest woman in town, Mis' Mandell is, and she's got heaps of influence."

"What will you do?" Betts inquired commiseratingly.

"I s'pose I'll fetch up in the poor-house eventooally," was the resigned answer. "But that ain't no reason why you shouldn't ketch her trade if you're a mind to work it right. When you git to her house just you take my tip and drive in under a big tree, and afore you call at the door you stand at your hoss' head awhile and talk baby talk to him, and make off you're dreadful spoony on him—that's what you do, and the spoonier you pretend to be the better she'll like ye."

"Thank you for your advice; I'll bear it in mind," said the biscuit-man, tightening his reins, and after a friendly nod of farewell, he drove thoughtfully onward.

Mrs. Mandell's house, which was tolerably large and very well kept, stood back far enough to allow of a spacious, grassy yard and a majestic row of over-spreading maples between it and the highway. The shade of these trees looked most inviting to the traveler, for although the earlier morning had been cloudy, the sky had cleared long ago, and now the sun was beating down with more than usual vigor. Betts drove in to a hitching post conveniently placed beneath one of the largest maples, unfastened the loose check rein and tethered his beast. He did not follow literally the fishman's counsel, but contented himself with easing a strap here

and there in the harness, rubbing the damp or dusty spots on the horse's skin with a handful of grass, and seeing that he was left as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

When he rang the bell at the side door Whittaker Betts fancied that his face was flushing as if from the prickles of a guilty conscience, and when the door opened he was sure of it. Before him stood a wholesome, dark eyed, brown haired damsel of nineteen or twenty whose frank, kindly gaze filled him at once with the liveliest pleasure and the most pitable confusion.

"I beg—I beg your pardon for troubling you," he began stammeringly, "but have you—do you happen to have in the house such a thing as an old straw or palm-leaf hat you could sell—I mean give me for my horse? The day has turned out a good deal warmer than I expected, and—and if you have anything of the sort—"

"Won't you step in?" said the girl, as his faltering speech seemed about to get itself into a state of painful suspense. "I think I can find something. It is warm today, even for August."

Wiping his face, now far redder than the external heat alone would have made necessary, Betts followed her into a living room where a stout, well preserved matron of fifty-five was sitting. At sight of the caller this lady's face fairly beamed—indeed, it must have begun to beam in expectation even before she saw him.

"To be sure we can give you something," she exclaimed, as Betts crossed the threshold; "there's quantities of old straw bonnets up garret. Sit down while she goes and looks—or wait a minute, Lindy, I guess there ain't any great rush. You go see to taking up dinner first. Of course you haven't been to dinner yet, Mr.—"

"My name is Betts," said the young man, conscious of an appetizing odor

from the kitchen region. "I haven't dined, but I was thinking—"

"Well, see here," Mrs. Mandell broke in bluntly, "you stay here and eat along with us."

"Why—why, ma'am," cried the astonished caller, "I really couldn't think of giving so much trouble to a stranger, and —"

"Stranger! stuff!" remarked the lady energetically, "we ain't strangers, you and me. Any man that's a friend to his horse is going to be my friend right straight off as quick's I can make him."

Betts blushed uncomfortably while the speaker continued with great volubility: "Now don't you say a word! You just do as I tell you! You step out to the stable and get some fodder for your pony, and take off his headstall and let him eat it in comfort right there in under the trees where it's cool and airy. You'll want to water him, and you'll find pails at the pump near the back door. After you've tended to him you come back and sit down to dinner with Lindy and me."

There was no resisting such robust hospitality, and Betts obeyed Mrs. Mandell's orders to the letter. They were but three at table—the good lady and her daughter seemed to make up the household—and the repast was plenteous and of the very best. Mrs. Mandell showed herself frankly curious about her guest's affairs, and did not rest content until she had extracted all the main facts of his history, his present condition and his prospects. If she had astonished him by inviting him off hand to dinner, she dumbfounded him at the close of the meal by saying abruptly:

"Now, see here, I'm going to make you a proposition. You tell me you haven't got any folks to speak of, that you ain't suited with your present boarding place, and that you ain't sure this business of yours will turn out a success. Now you deserve to succeed—any man that's kind to animals does—and I want

to help you along. Suppose you try living here with us awhile. It needn't cost you a cent for board: you can pay by doing the chores nights and mornings, milking the cow and tidying up the

Jim Thatcher give up pretending he was our hired man, and we've about concluded we won't ever have another hired man anyway. But with you, you would be one of the family, and it would be



"WON'T YOU STEP IN?" SAID THE GIRL

garden, you know, and when you get home late or feel fagged, why, you needn't do even that. What I want is a man in the house. Lindy and me we've been alone ever since that shiftless

different and pleasanter all 'round. Now don't you be in a hurry to decide, but just think it over first. I've taken a shine to you, Mr. Betts, and I want you to stay just the worst kind. So does

Lindy—don't you, Lindy?"

The girl laughed and blushed, then, with evident sincerity if with less emphasis than her mother, she gave her support to the invitation. And Whitaker Betts, with a little pain in his conscience, but a great joy in his heart, accepted.

The biscuit business did not become a brilliant success, despite the vigorous recommendations of Mrs. Mandell. Country folk are loth to spend their hard-earned dollars on luxuries, and the young agent lacked something of the push which achieves its aims over all obstacles. Had he been obliged to pay cash for his own and his horse's keep, he would surely have diminished instead of increasing the meager capital with which he had started.

Mrs. Mandell looked after his welfare as vigilantly as if he had been her own son; and although the pretty Linda's bearing toward him was not quite sisterly, perhaps he liked it better than if it had been. The service he was supposed to give in return for his board was even lighter than Mrs. Mandell had represented. Mowing the lawn occasionally, bringing kindlings and coal to the kitchen, and milking the gentle little Alderney cow—such were nominally his duties, but if he slept late in the morning, or came home tired at night, or if for any other reason it was not quite convenient for him to attend to them, Mrs. Mandell would positively insist upon relieving him. She was an amazingly energetic woman, equal to and even eager for any amount of hard work in or out of doors. It was plain that the satisfaction of having "a man in the house," joined to that of doing a kindness to Betts, for whom she had conceived a determined liking, was for her a sufficient reward in itself.

As the weeks passed on the biscuit peddler's round face became yet rounder, and his comfortable figure even less sug-

gestive than ever of anything like angles. Emphatically he was in clover up to the eyes, and still he was not entirely happy. Being naturally a youth without guile or deceit, his conscience pricked him at thought of the means he had used for getting into his benefactress' good graces. Scores of times did remorse urge him to confess, but a haunting fear of the consequences always prevented.

He was usually away driving about the country from morning till night. He had laid out the territory surrounding Springvale Center into six routes, one of which he went over each day of the week. Now and again in his trips, he would encounter Archimedes Polley, the low spirited fish vendor. One afternoon Polley stopped him for a talk.

"Well, it 'pears you've struck on your feet all right," he remarked lugubriously. "Guess likely you took my advice 'bout making of your hoss. Dust him off with a feather duster every half-hour and wipe his nose with your own pocket handkerchief when it needs it—that's the style that fetches the old lady. Say, young man, you're all fixed for the balance of your life if you only manage right. But she is a turrible crank, all the same, where an animil is concerned. Why, she'd set up all night long with a dyin' June-bug if she cal'lated 'twould make the critter's passin' away any easier. And, what's worse, she don't hesitate to summons the first person that comes along—just like a sheriff would do—to help her purform some ridic'ulous caper for some animil she imagines is in trouble. Here a spell ago he got Charlie Schofield, the minister's son, to set in a puddle in the middle o' Shute's pasture, a holding a sick dog's head two-three hours, when 'twas raining like sixty, while she trapedes 'round huntin' up some kind of ambylance to take the critter home in. And 'twan't none o' her'n neither—only a stray cur that would have been a sight better dead than alive.

Charlie he ketched a turrible cold and near went off with pneumony, but the darn' dog lived, and that was the main thing to her."

Betts listened to this narrative uneasily and resolved that another twenty-four hours should not pass without his revealing his duplicity to Mrs. Mandell.

When he reached home that evening he found the household in a much disturbed state—the Alderney was ill.

Couchant beneath one of the maples in the front yard, the patient was being attended by the women, each swaying a big palm-leaf fan in a merciful attempt to cool the atmosphere and keep away the flies. The ailment was nothing serious, Mrs. Mandell explained, only an indigestion and accompanying feverishness. The veterinary had been called and had prescribed a mixture which, not without difficulty, had just been administered, Mrs. Mandell holding the cow's jaws open while Linda dropped in the dose from an iron spoon. There was no danger apprehended unless the patient should catch cold, which, on that suffocating night, seemed impossible.

"I guess for this once you'll have to forage 'round in the buttry for your supper," Mrs. Mandell concluded apologetically; "this thing has kind of upset Lindy and me, you see."

After he had eaten, Betts offered to help nurse the Alderney, but Mrs. Mandell declared there was nothing he could do, and, seeing that he was weary and not in the best of spirits, urged him to go "straight off to bed." Plainly this was no time for his intended confession, so Betts, glad enough of an excuse for deferring it yet once more, mounted to his chamber, where he soon fell asleep.

Some hours later he was wakened by the noise of thunder. In his dazed state the crash had sounded so very loud that he feared some near-by object had been struck. He sprang out of bed and ran to the window, to find the rain was pour-

ing down in torrents. For a few moments all was dark, then a flash of lightning revealed to his astonished eyes a curious spectacle.

In an open space half-way between the road and the stable lay the sick cow, and beside her, holding large umbrellas in such a position as to shield her head and most of her body from the rain, were Mrs. Mandell and Linda.

Betts jumped into his clothing and hurried to the stable where he got a rubber blanket which he always carried in his wagon. This he spread over the cow's body so as to protect it entirely from the fast descending wetness.

"That's a good idea," said Mrs. Mandell approvingly. "Lindy she was going to slip in for a blanket from one of the beds the minute it held up a little, but this will answer a good deal better. You see we've managed to get her out from in under the trees, so there wouldn't be so much danger of her getting struck, and this far toward the stable, but she took a notion to lay down right here, and we can't budge her a step farther. She's resting middling easy, though, I guess, and I don't hardly believe the shower'll last long—it's too violent."

"You let me have that umbrella," said the young man, trying to take it, "and you go into the house. You go, too, Miss Linda; I can hold both umbrellas, one in each hand."

"I'm going to stay," announced Linda firmly, "but you must go in, mother, for you know you're not dressed very—very—"

"That's a fact, I did get up in a hurry and only took time to slip on this water-proof," Mrs. Mandell admitted, "so if you'll spell me a few minutes, Mr. Betts, maybe I will run back and slip a leetle mite more on."

The young people sat one on each side of the cow, upon low stools (called "crickets" in the country) and while Betts held one umbrella over the ani-

mal's head, Linda held the other so as to keep off any possible slant of the rain from the side. As they sat there thus, he was seized by a sudden inopportune impulse to confess his offence against Mrs. Mandell—to confess it by proxy, since it seemed to him that Linda liked him well enough to intercede for him with her parent, and that through her intercession he might stand a better chance of being forgiven.

A moment later the young man succeeded in getting to his feet also.

"Oh, Whittaker," she cried, "I thought surely you'd been struck!"

Never before had she addressed him by his first name; the sound of it gave him a curious thrill. "So did I think you had," he returned, "but I guess we're both—" Here came another flash and simultaneously a terrific peal. Betts and Linda had been very near one



"MISS LINDA," HE BEGAN, DESPERATELY, "I HAVE SOMETHING TO——"

"Miss Linda," he began desperately, "I have something to——"

His speech was cut short by a blinding flash—a flash which the most stolid nerves could not have endured unaffected. Involuntarily he dodged; Linda dodged, too, and so did the cow. The jerking of the cow's head sent one of her horns sharply against Betts' ribs, causing him to topple over upon his back in the grass. Linda shrieked and sprang up.

another before; now, somehow, they suddenly found themselves clasped in each other's arms. The umbrellas fell this way and that, regardless of consequences, and the floodgates of heaven poured themselves down unchecked upon the Alderney's devoted head. Just then Mrs. Mandell came hurrying back to the scene. "Well, I yum!" she exclaimed. "Of all things! I never did—why, the cow's getting just drenched, and so be

you!" Whereat the two young people only smiled.

In the midst of beautiful October weather Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker Betts were returning from their wedding tour. They had been driving blissfully about the country behind the biscuit peddling horse and in a roomy phaeton buggy whose usefulness had outlasted that of a nag once owned by Mrs. Mandell. Betts had fully intended to confess to Linda before their marriage, but the dread of losing her had led him to postpone so doing until after the knot should have been securely tied. He must now delay no longer. When, presently, they came to a hill where the horse's gentle trot slackened to a walk, the appointed moment seemed to have arrived. Betts cleared his throat, drew in a deep breath, and in a low voice began to speak rapidly.

"Linda, there's something I want to tell you—something you won't like. When I called at your door that day—last August, you know—to ask for a hat for the horse, I didn't do it on the horse's account, but from a less worthy—an entirely unworthy motive. I did it because I had heard about your mother's—ways, and wanted her to think I was—was kind to animals, so as to—to get her custom. Linda, I was an awful humbug that day."

The bride's face, which had clouded at his preamble, suddenly cleared at the close of his confession, and she broke into a merry peal of laughter.

"Why, you dear, silly old boy," she exclaimed, giving his arm an affectionate squeeze, "what are you talking about? When were you ever unkind to an animal—even the least of God's creatures? Never in your born days, I'll warrant. You simply couldn't be anything but kind if you tried. The idea!"

The young husband smiled a relieved, though rather foolish smile. "That is

so, I suppose," he admitted, "though it hadn't struck me as being any excuse for my—"

At this moment a man appeared at a turn of the road. It was Archimedes Polley, pushing a handcart in which a small stock of fish, clams and lobsters could be seen. He did not observe the bridal pair at first, and as he drew nearer they saw that his lips were moving and his gnarled features were working vigorously. His mind was evidently in a state of no small perturbation.

"Why, what is the matter, Kimmy?" queried Linda, signing for Betts to pull up the horse.

"Lindy, I got enough trouble to fit out a whole rigimunt o' Jobs," returned the fish vendor, and one could almost imagine tears of wrath in his voice. "I do' want to hurt your feelin's nor nothin', Lindy, but if your ma keeps on at the rate she's begun she'll ruin me an' my trade altogether. Last season an' a good many seasons afore, I drove a hoss, an' a good, clever, stiddy, serviceable hoss he was, too. But he was jest a mite slim in figger to look at, so she up an' declared he wa'n't fit to be drove, an' if I drove him any longer she'd complain to the S'ciety. So, ruther'n have a fuss, I give him up, an' started in killin' my own self, shovin' this 'ere pushcart over the rough roads in the hot sun an' hard rain. I nat'rally s'posed she'd be satisfied with that, but she ain't. What do you 'agine she wants now? I'll be everlastin'ly goldarned if she ain't a tryin' to git me to promuss I won't buy no more lobsters unless the folks I git 'em of 'll agree, afore they put 'em in the pot to bile, to chloroform the critters fust."

"Whittaker dear," remarked Linda, when they started onward, "my mother is the best mother living, but she is a little peculiar. I think I wouldn't make any unnecessary confessions to her if I were you. It's enough that you've told me, don't you think?"

NEW DAWNS OF KNOWLEDGE

By MICHAEL A. LANE

AUTHOR OF "THE LEVEL OF SOCIAL MOTION"

III.—MAN: INDIVIDUAL AND RACE

WHEN the anthropologist undertakes to study the life history of the phylum, or the race, to which men belong, he finds that if he is to understand his subject knowingly he must draw upon the biologist for many of the facts and for much of the nomenclature he is to use.

Biologists tell us about the great secular process through which organisms have passed in the making of the human race. Biology has discovered that inheritance, or heredity, is altogether a matter of cells, and of the method by which cells reproduce themselves. If a human being were produced by the multiplication of one cell only, uninfluenced by another cell, then all human beings would be precisely alike, just like bacteria, amoebae, or the honey-bees that are hatched from the unimpregnated egg of the queen.

But such is not the case. Man does not reproduce himself by agamogenesis but by gamogenesis; and this is true also of all kinds of higher, and even numerous kinds of very low animal and even vegetable organisms. It is this union — this veritable combination — of two differently constructed cells — that causes successive generations to vary from preceding generations. Varieties favored by the environment survive; varieties unsuited to the environment perish. Anthropologists are interested in these important facts, for in order to understand man they must first understand his ancestors; and in the investigation of man's ancestors, and of some of the traits that some men have inherited from remote ancestors, anthropology has lately hit upon a very curious discovery.

The incorrigible thief, the highwayman with his cruel and unsympathetic methods, the murderer without a conscience; in two words, the so-called "hardened criminal," has been regarded for the past century or more with no small amazement by normal, right-minded persons. Sympathy and honesty are commonplace human traits — that is, comparative sympathy and honesty. But broadness of sympathy and thoroughness of honesty are peculiar to civilized men. Savages, with two or three exceptions — and these are rapidly disappearing, — have very narrow sympathies and very shallow honesty. Indeed, we do not look for refinement of sympathy in savage men, and we are amazed when we find it in them, just as we are amazed when we find the lack of it in a man belonging to one of the so-called civilized races.

If it be assumed that at a time in the not very remote past the ancestors of the most highly civil men of today were all of them very like the savages of today, the basis of the curious discovery mentioned above will appear. "Atavism," or reversion to ancestral type, is a commonplace fact. We often note that a man, while quite different from his immediate parents in many points of his physical or mental make up, is very like his grandparents or very like some other and remoter ancestor in these very traits. And if we suppose that now and then there is born a man in whom atavism reverts to ancestors quite remote we will have a man, as the phrase goes, that is "born out of time." In other words, we will have a primitive man born of civilized parents. This man, born out of time, this savage man, is the "har-

dened" or "habitual criminal," the occasion of so much worry to the peace of civilized society.

While atavism, or reversion to ancestral traits, is a very old idea, it is only of late years that it has been studied in connection with crime, or at least scientifically studied in that connection. And it is only of quite recent years that the general results of that study have taken root and shown a disposition to grow into conviction in the minds of specialists in the study of crime.

The bare mention of this subject at once suggests the name of the man whose incessant labor and observation, and the brilliancy of whose genius, have done so much to establish the new science of criminal anthropology upon the firm basis it now occupies. This man is Cesare Lombroso. One is tempted to say of Lombroso what Lombroso says of Darwin—that his very mistakes would be accounted discoveries if made by other men. Indeed, it would be no easy matter precisely to point out the mistakes of Lombroso, for the probable reason that in his own line he is the foremost of living anthropologists, or say rather of living alienists, and what he has forgotten to note will have probably remained unobserved by others.

Criminal anthropology, then, deals with the physical and mental characters of men that are born out of time—with those primitive, reversionary types which, to normal eyes, seem so monstrous and exceptional, and which seem monstrous only because they are exceptional.

To understand the criminal the anthropologist considers two great natural laws. First, the law of phylogenesis (the development of the race of man); and, secondly, the law of ontogenesis, (the development of the individual man).

It is assumed that the common ancestor of all races, man included, was a cell; it is known that the individual man

originates in a cell, and is formed by the multiplication of cells and by the folding, refolding, and doubling up of three layers of cells. Now the individual man, from the very inception of his existence as a compound cell composed of the egg and the impregnating cell, to the time when he is fully matured, say from twenty to thirty years of age, passes through all the stages through which the race itself has passed in the long history of its life-growth.

In comparing these two processes it is impossible to be exact in terms, and any attempt at exactness would only result in confusion. But let us say, generally, that the childhood stage of the individual is analogous to the savage stage of the race; and that the mature stage of the individual is analogous to the civilized stage of the race. From this it would appear that as all individuals recapitulate the life history of the race, all the individuals born in a civilized state of society are, at one stage of their lives, savages, with the instincts of savages and the predispositions of savages. And to say this will be no more nor less than saying the truth.

All very young children are savages. They are cruel and conscienceless. They are natural nomads, and will wander from the home of their parents if not carefully watched. Their disposition is to steal, kill, lie, avoid all labor, except that which is pleasant, and lead an indefinite, purposeless life, taking no thought whatsoever of the future, and easily distracted from such labor (labor here meaning "play") as they may be engaged upon at any given moment.

But as they grow older these distinctively savage characters slowly or rapidly disappear, and as maturity is approached the individual becomes more sympathetic, more honest, more tender in his dealings with others, less cruel and more highly characterized by what is called consci-

ence. The replacement of the savage by the civilized traits is not due to training. Training, or environment, may suppress the savage traits, but it does not eliminate them nor replace them with their opposites. The normal individual in a civilized society is honest and sympathetic by nature. It is a part of his inherited character to be so, and he could not be otherwise for the same reason that the savage could not be other than he is. Little children were made to bite, if not to bark, Dr. Watts to the contrary notwithstanding. They are natural biters. That is why by force or fear only are they restrained from biting.

But the truth of the assertion that normal men are naturally honest and sympathetic is proved by one conspicuous fact, even were there no others; by the fact that now and then the individual does not outgrow the savage traits natural to his childhood, and remains a savage during his whole life long. And here, if you please, the environment does play a part, and a most important part, in the life and the conduct of the individual. If the environment is such as to overcome the savage propensities of the primitive, or reversionary, or atavistic, or criminally disposed individual; if the environment is powerful and the individual weak, the savage traits are suppressed or repressed, and the man does not show the criminal or savage character within him. But if the individual's savage traits are very strong and the environment comparatively un-repressive, then the savage traits are brought to the surface and there is seen a criminal. There is still a third aspect to this curious phenomenon of crime, and an aspect that is of the highest importance and of comparatively frequent occurrence. This is an atavistic, or reversionary, or primitive man in whom the traits of the savage are so very strong as to override all kinds of environment. There is then found a criminal who can

be restrained by no social circumstances short of forcible and narrow confinement.

In civilized society, therefore, we have three kinds of individuals: Normal individuals, who are naturally and inherently honest and kindly; reversionary individuals, who are naturally cruel, or criminally disposed, but who are restrained by their accidental social environment, and who remain potential criminals, and convertible into actual criminals by circumstances; and, lastly, those naturally savage and cruel individuals whom no environment save physical force alone can restrain. This third kind of individual, when grouped, is known as "the criminal class"—at once the pity and the fear of those who are honest and kindly.

Granting, now, that the truth has been just stated, the question naturally suggests itself: Is there any sure method of determining whether a man be primitive, or criminally inclined, when his external conduct furnishes no clue to his natural inclinations? Are there any physical marks by which the natural criminal can be surely pointed out from among his fellows? The answer is positively in the affirmative. The natural criminal has numerous distinguishing marks, and can be picked out by the trained eye as easily as a crow can be seen among white pigeons—that is, when he is a type of his kind. For there are all degrees of reversion and primitiveness and all degrees of criminality.

In the methods of the criminal anthropologist there are no hard and fast rules any more than there are sharp and characteristic distinctions between men. With men, there are typical blonds and typical brunets; and between these extremes all shades of color. So, too, between the typically reversionary, or primitive, man and the typically normal man there are all degrees of difference.

For example, the typical criminal may be said, generally, to have a short head

(brachycephaly). But it would be folly to conclude thence that all short-headed persons are criminal. The typical criminal may be said to have an unusually wide or an unusually narrow space between the eyes, but this does not mean that everyone who is marked either one way or the other is a criminal. The typical criminal, let us say, would have an unsymmetrical face and cranium, high cheek bones, highly arched zygoma, highly arched eyebrows, narrow forehead and small facial angle, but it would be folly to hold that the possession of one or two of these traits would necessarily mean that their possessor were to be put down as a criminally inclined man.

All judgments must be made by comparing the thing judged with some standard of comparison; and the standard in this case is what is called the "normal" man. This normal man may be short-headed, or long-headed, or medium-headed; but at the same time his face and cranium are symmetrical and he is assumed to have none of the marks that are invariably found, in larger or smaller number, in the criminal type. When certain extraordinary traits are invariably found in the bodies of men and women who are again and again convicted of crime, it is reasonable to assume that the extraordinary traits and the seemingly persistent inclination to crime are in some way intimately and causally connected. And when a large number of these extraordinary traits are found united in a single individual, it is only rational to classify him as a criminally inclined man no matter what may be his profession, his wealth, or his station. Criminal anthropology looks at the face, the cranium and the brain of men and not at the circumstances by which they are surrounded.

The most striking and most easily observed marks of primitiveness are the cranial and facial characters one sees in

penitentiaries, or, better still, in the photographs of the "rogues' gallery." Note the prettily arching—often the very highly arching—eyebrow; the difference in length between the spaces separating the roots of the hair from the point between and above the eyebrows (the "glabella"); the glabella from the root of the nose, and the root of the nose from the apex of the chin; which spaces, in the normal man, are perfectly equal. Note the number of prominent cheek bones to be seen there; the unusually large ears; the faces very wide or very narrow between the eyes; the mouths lower on one side than on the other; or, the mouths divided into unequal parts by a line drawn from the septum of the nose. Note the cheek bones that are highly arching instead of normal; the small facial angle; the eyes that are out of line, one being lower than the other; the asymmetrical ears, one being lower than the other. Note the "crooked" crania, the skulls that seem to have been twisted in their making in one direction or another. Note the number of narrow foreheads. And when these extraordinary traits are considered, it will be small wonder that the faces in the rogues' gallery are pronounced by casual visitors to be "queer looking." They are queer, and it would be a very great wonder if they were not.

The new science of criminal anthropology has done much to disclose the cause of criminal disposition in men, but it has no suggestions to make as to the prevention or punishment of crime. It can only classify the facts it observes. Suggestions from expert criminologists are of no more value than suggestions from any other kind of men. The criminologist can tell us (and small comfort it is so to be told) that the professional thief is born and not made, and that thief he will remain by nature his whole life long. The criminologist can

tell us that it is impossible to "reform" the criminal's character without reforming his brain. The counterfeiter who has spent forty years in prison and is returned thither at the age of seventy-three does not argue much hope for the reform of criminals. But what is to be done with him? How is it possible to prevent a typically primitive, reverse man such as the late Czolgosz, from using political methods which were quite common and natural with the savage ancestor of whom he was a type born out of time? Czolgosz did not slay because he was an anarchist. He slew because he was a primitive man. He was not an habitual criminal, and it was possible that he might have never acquitted himself in an extraordinary manner had not his environment, joined with his reverse brain, set up the association of ideas and the consequent chain of circumstances that culminated in his amazing deed. The normal man is stupefied by the conduct of Czolgosz and his kind; nor can the normal man understand the conscienceless burglar or highwayman who slays to rob. If these things are to be remedied, it is not anthropology that can tell us how.

Criminology, however, is but a small, although important, part of the great science of anthropology. Other departments of that science are quite as forward. In crime the anthropologist sees a great extrusion of the past into the present; and in religion the anthropologist sees a similar phenomenon.

Crime, like religion, is really an institution, but, unlike religion, it is a poorly organized and highly discouraged one. Some institutions are desirable, others are highly undesirable. The first are encouraged by society, the second are discouraged, or abolished when society has the power to abolish them. Organized crime (or at least organized robbery) was a very respectable institution

a few centuries ago. It was known, then, as the feudal system. Previously, in Europe, slavery was an institution of great vitality and a highly desirable one.

Anthropology does not distinguish between "good" and "bad" institutions. In its eyes, an institution is an institution and nothing else. Therefore anthropology regards religion as an institution, and inquires into the causes of religion as it inquires into the causes of crime. Religion is legitimate material for the anthropological laboratory; and perhaps current views of anthropologists in the matter of religion may be considered noteworthy in a discussion of current views in science at large.

The anthropologist, in looking at religion, has no intention of examining into the probable truth of various religious beliefs. He regards all religions as natural phenomena to be explained by a knowledge of natural causes, and to be traced, at last, to natural origins arising with the development of the human race in times past. He does not admit the possibility, to say nothing of the probability, of a supernatural or divine origin for any religion whatsoever. He must find a natural origin for every religion, and, more than all this, he must find that all religions have the same origin. The anthropologist assumes, even before he begins his inquiry, that the origin of all religions is identical; not merely similar, but the very same. If he does not assume this, his inquiry will be perfectly beside the point, and his labors of very small and problematical value. This assumption will be seen to be necessary when it is remembered that religion is universal with mankind. All men have religion of one or another description.

Starting out, then, with this assumption, anthropology overleaps human history, so called, and at one bound places itself among primitive men. The more

primitive, the less intelligent, the nearer the brute these primitive men can be, the better will be the results of the investigation. If the beginnings of religion were observable in the very beasts themselves, anthropology would study religion on that level, and not on the human level; just as it goes back to anthropoid apes to study the origin of man. It is impossible to go back too far when looking for the beginning.

Now when anthropology turns to very low savages in order to discover the origin of religion, it impliedly asserts its conviction that the ancestors of civilized men were savages, and that the ancestor of civilized religion was savage religion. Religion propagates religion; gods propagate gods, invisible powers (or rather beliefs in invisible powers) reproduce themselves, and come down from very remote ages in successive generations, altered and developed by variation, environment and natural selection; so that numerous genera, species and varieties appear, differing vastly from one another in their particular structures, but essentially much the same.

Thus, he who studies the origins of the Christian religion finds that it is an offshoot of Judaism, having Mohammedism for its cousin. Other and extinct offshoots of Judaism are Gnosticism, Neoplatonism, Essenism. He finds, too, that he can regard Judaism itself as an offshoot from the religion of the Babylonians, while this, itself, may perhaps be regarded as an offshoot of Parseeism. The varieties of the Christian religion, developed in modern times, are all the Protestant creeds, together with very recent variations, such as Christian Science; while the great trunk is found in Roman Catholicism, which is itself held to be the product of the union of primitive Christianity with the religion of the ancient Romans.

Here is a tree of religious filiation

which indicates the methods used by anthropology in its more specialized and refined forms, such as archaeology and history. But it is in the thoughts of the savage man that the anthropologist seeks the origin of religion in its fundamental form. These thoughts are grouped under the general head, "primitive culture," and an investigation of primitive culture yields two several theories both of which are claimed to account for the existence of religion. One of these holds that religion originates in the fear of and veneration for dead ancestors, which would account for all ceremonials and religious customs associated with the dead. Even today, in civilized countries, dead bodies are regarded with no little fear and veneration. Just why men should fear dead bodies (or venerate them) is very difficult to understand unless we admit that those who fear and venerate them believe that the dead leave ghosts behind. It is this belief in ghosts, found to be universal with men, that explains the great mass of funerary customs peculiar to human society. Cannibalism was a practice growing out of the belief in ghosts, and was a religious practice altogether. The great chief, the strong man, was feared during life by his tribe. After his death he still ruled through memory of his precepts, and his dead body was placed in a special receptacle which, in time of trouble, became a resort. By increasing the size of the tomb it was made possible to enter it, and thus gain closer communion with the dead man's ghost. A very large tomb would admit of a considerable gathering, and thus larger numbers could be brought into the supposed presence of the ghost. It is thence seen how very sacred a tomb would become.

The next step is the separation of the tomb itself from the gathering place, and the dissociation of the idea of the dead man's ghost from the idea of the dead man's body. The ghost now becomes

a god, and the tomb is replaced by the temple in social custom. With successive generations, changes of abiding places, variation and growth of tradition, union of two separate traditions, and other complications of this kind, the god becomes a great, omnipresent and omnipotent deity from which depend complex theological systems and complex religious beliefs. Thus religious belief and religious ceremonial are traced to the belief in ghosts and funerary ceremonial as their original sources.

The other theory traces religion to the general primitive belief in animated and intelligent nature. The savage sees power in clouds, trees, stones, and other things, the moving causes of which he does not comprehend. In this way there arise beliefs in multitudinous invisible powers, in "spirits" of earth, fire, water, air, vegetation and what not of visible nature. Subsequent complication, compounding and evolution produce a multitude of various beliefs with their gods, ceremonials and theologies. As culture grows complex, religious belief becomes more and more refined, and progressively unlike the belief in which its roots were first embedded. The original belief is differentiated, the law of the division of labor splits up the belief into variously functioning organs, and religion becomes a permanently organized and highly desirable institution with men.

These two theories are now the accepted explanation of the origin of religion, and it is obvious that those who hold these views must necessarily reject faith in the objective truth of religion altogether. The anthropologist cannot accept one religion as being true without accepting all. For if all are derived from the same simple source either they are all of them true or all of them false. But the anthropologist does not seek for the truth of religions but for their origin and development.

This attitude of science toward religion is of course by no means grateful to the believer in religion of any kind. No man likes to be told that that which he regards with the greatest veneration and fear is the mere figment of the superstitious minds of his savage ancestors. Indeed, few men have the courage to look that ancestor in the face and acknowledge the relationship, accepting all its implications.

If it be asked, How does anthropology account for the occasional appearance of a ghost and for miracles? the answer is that anthropology sees no difference between the ghosts of today or the miracles of today and those that are common with primitive people, past or present. It holds that ghosts and miracles of every kind are matters of belief and not matters of fact; and when it has accounted for the belief it has nothing more to say.



JUNE WINSTON

A NOVEL COMPOSED OF ELEVEN SHORT STORIES

By CARRIE HUNT LATTA

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF JAMES CARRINGTON, JR."

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

THE ELEVENTH STORY

ONE morning about two weeks before Christmas there was, in almost every box in the postoffice, a very white, heavy envelope. And every envelope contained an invitation to a wedding. And every envelope was addressed in the same handwriting, and the handwriting was that of June Winston.

And everybody talked of the coming event. And everybody was pleased and said "what a fine match it was." The women began to wonder what kind of a wedding dress June would have? If there would be a dinner? And a wedding journey? And all those things which women ask themselves, and each other, when a wedding is about to take place.

At the Winston home preparations went on right merrily. The village dressmaker came and went each day, and June, accompanied by her father, went to the city many times and returned quite overladen with packages.

"Christmas presents," Clementine said, for, in spite of the fact that the wedding invitations were out, she seemed to think that the approaching marriage must still be regarded as a dead secret.

Will Anderson positively haunted the house. John and Harold, both home from college for the Christmas vacation, ran errands as if it was their greatest pleasure in life to do so.

Clementine, bristling with importance, got so "bossy" and began giving instructions at such a rate that it became absolutely necessary to positively snub her, at times. But, in spite of it all, she was

so capable, so willing, so interested and so proud, that one could forgive her almost anything.

June, with happiness written on every feature, flew about here, there and everywhere. For, with preparations for her wedding, and Christmas, to say nothing of the furnishing of a tiny cottage at the end of the street, she had all she could do.

But things went smoothly, and by and by the wedding dress was finished, the small house was furnished and only needed the presence of the little housewife and her husband to make it complete.

June sat in her room. It lacked only a day or so until her marriage would take place. She had sent her lover away early that evening on the plea of being tired.

She sat in a low chair before the open fire, rocking slowly to and fro and looking at the glowing coals with thoughtful eyes.

The room, usually neat, was in great disorder. There was clothing, small boxes, letters, pictures, trinkets and toys scattered wide.

June sat very still for a long time, then, after putting on a pair of slippers, she rose and went to the window. She parted the curtains and stood for some time looking out into the night.

"I wonder," she murmured softly, lifting her eyes to the sky, with a smile on her lips, "if my mother knows how happy I am? For I am oh, so happy, so very happy."

With a sigh of contentment she left the

window and, turning the light up, began putting the room to rights. The things she intended to take with her to her new home she placed together, and those she intended to leave behind she put carefully away.

Here was a photograph of her mother, whose starry eyes looked straight into June's own. June kissed it tenderly. Here was her father's photograph, with the sad eyes and the firm yet kind mouth. She pressed it to her bosom, then wrapped the two pictures away together. Here were photographs of her brothers and herself taken at different ages. As chubby, shapeless babies staring into vacancy. As roly poly, laughing children: as bashful, awkward half-grown youngsters. June looked them over, laughing silently all the while.

There in a broken box was a part of a set of tiny dishes, the handles broken off, the lids gone and the pink rosebuds almost all worn off. Dear me, what wonderful dinner parties had been given with these dishes. What delicious viands (in the shape of scraps of cake and bits of candy) had been served on them. And what coffee (water, colored with licorice candy) had been poured from the little teapot. The cracked little teapot with handle and spout both gone.

Here, in her scratched and battered old cradle, looking much the worse for the wear, was Lelia Genevra, the beloved doll. There had been other dolls, but none so dear as this one. It was not a thing of beauty now, but June's white fingers smoothed its tangled hair caressingly.

"We've had many a good time together, Lelia Genevra, and now that they are all over, I will give you to my namesake, Pearl Marie's little June," she whispered, leaning close to the doll's ear.

And if her father could have seen her at that moment, sitting on the floor, with

her fair hair hanging about her shoulders, talking to the doll, he would have thought that his little girl had come back and all this talk about her being quite grown up and about to be married was only a dream of the far distant future.

June took the doll from the cradle. She laughed softly at the ill fitting dress, at the funny little bonnet: things her own childish fingers had fashioned. Then, instead of wrapping the doll up, she put it back into the cradle and tucked the once gay little coverlet, now quite faded, carefully about it.

"You were always such a comfort to me," she was again talking to the doll, "you, you may go on sleeping in your own little cradle, dear little Lelia Genevra. I will keep you—for remembrance."

She smiled as she spoke, but her lips quivered. After all, growing up and leaving home is not all that is pleasant. I wonder if June, with the firelight playing on her hair, as she sat, surrounded by all the old, childish things, absently rocking the doll's cradle, would have, if the opportunity had offered itself, slipped back into the past and lived her life over again? There had been little indeed to mar her perfect happiness.

But how few of us there are who would, when older, willingly again go through with the sorrows, the heart aches, the anxieties and sufferings, even the joys, which we have experienced.

And when the frosts of many winters have silvered our hair, when the step is feeble and the hand is weak, we are glad enough to lay down our burdens and rest. For life is hard at best, for most of us.

Would life be hard for June? What thoughts, hopes, joys, fears and regrets surged through her mind as she sat lingering with childhood? Her room. Where her girlish fancies had run riot and where her childish tears had baptized every article as a sacred memorial

of a happy infancy. And before her, as she sat rocking the child of her childhood, rose the future full of hope, of sunshine.

What girl is so poor as not to have dreams of her wedding day — what bride so rich as not to have suffered the pangs of goodbye to childhood toys and keepsakes?

June took up a box. On the lid, in crooked printing, was the word "Treasures." The hinges were gone from the lid and the lock was broken. In it were all the things which William Grant Anderson had given her during their early courtship.

There were bits of bright paper, candy hearts with little whispers of love printed thereon; valentines, quite faded; crumpled notes written over with great, scrawling declarations of affection.

June fingered these things lovingly and closed the box with a happy laugh.

"The dear boy," she whispered. "Money could not buy the contents of my Treasure Box."

Here were letters: letters from her lover when he was away at school and abroad. She would keep them all. Letters from her father, kind letters, full of advice. Letters from her brothers telling of boyish joys and troubles. Letters from Clementine, written, from the way they looked, in a foreign language.

Letters from Pearl Marie, from "White-Wash" George. From Grace Avery and Alex.

June sorted them over carefully, burning many. Over this one she laughed merrily, and while she was reading that one the tears would creep down her cheeks: another made her thoughtful and she sat gazing into the fire. What a wonderful thing it is, this Memory.

And what a little thing it takes, sometimes, to remind one of something so long forgotten.

How a white morning glory, delicately veined with faint, pink markings, (you

had almost forgotten there was such a flower) will take you back, far back to the time when you were a little child and wandered in your grandmother's garden, where morning glories bloomed early and late. To a time when you thought, in your innocent happiness, that life was made up entirely of sunshine, blue skies, the songs of birds — and morning glories.

Or a poem, long since passed from your mind, will bring before you the figure of your wife on whose grave the violets have bloomed each springtime, lo, these many years: and you see her, sitting before you with an open book: and, tracing the lines of this same poem with her slender, white finger; she reads it in her low, sweet voice, then lifts her eyes, eyes full of love light, to you for approval.

It was her favorite poem. The tears stream down your cheeks and you cannot read the lines, yet in memory's faded page, they stand embossed in fire. And through them shines the angel face. You put out your arms. They are empty. You cry aloud. There is no answer.

Or a perfume, no matter how faint, will sometimes bring to you your father's face, your mother's voice. Or the rippling stream as it dances in the sunlight will bring to your ears the sound of your baby's laughter. While that baby, now in a distant land, is a man grown: with silver threads among the soft curls you used to finger so tenderly. A man, fighting life's battles bravely.

Ah, a wonderful thing is Memory. The comfort of Age, a something which keeps the will strong and the heart tender.

There was one small packet of letters which June did not untie, but she sat holding it in her hand, fingering the ribbon with which it was tied with restless fingers: and there was a look in her eyes one did not often see there.

Finally she shivered and glanced at

the clock. The hour was late. With a determined look she rose and quietly crossed the room. Was it the firelight that made her cheeks look so flushed?

She held the packet of letters for an instant, then dropped them into the grate: then she hurriedly left the room and closed the door behind her.

The fire was burning low, but a tiny blue flame leaped forward to catch the packet. It grew brighter and brighter, then died down, lower than before.

When June returned to the room, her cheeks still flushed, there was nothing left of the packet but a bit of soft, gray-white ashes. Wait. Was that all? No just a bit of paper had fallen on the hearth. June took it up. On it, written very plainly, were the words: "Yours till death and after, Alex."

The light, already burning dimly, sputtered, flickered, and went out: and, except for the light from the few dying coals in the grate, the room was in darkness.

Christmas morning. How much that means. To the rich and poor, to old and young. A clear, bright, cold morning it was. The ground was covered with snow and from outside came the laughter of happy children as they chattered of Santa Claus.

The boys put on new skates and put new sleds into immediate use; while the girls trundled small doll carts before them, or carried new dolls in their arms, snuggling them in a motherly manner from the cold.

Those with new muffs declared that the weather was warm, almost hot, in fact, to them. Others took off warm little mittens to display new rings, or bracelets, "gold, solid gold, and cost, oh, no telling how much."

The members of the Winston family were up very early that morning. Harold, who was not an early riser, declared that Clementine had announced

breakfast somewhere about midnight.

A statement which Clementine indignantly denied, adding that she could not understand how anyone could sleep on Christmas morning. And on such a bright Christmas morning, and a wedding day at that. And said, too, looking at a window and sniffing a bit:

"Thank goodness, a white Christmas makes a green graveyard, so we'll all be spared for another year yet."

The members of the family had exchanged greetings and gifts and were going from room to room making suggestions and giving opinions on the arrangements that had been and were being made.

June, with her eyes shining with health and happiness, flitted about here, there, and everywhere, arranging a wreath here, fastening a bunch of holly there and a spray of mistletoe yonder.

For, with the help of her father, brothers and lover, (Clementine giving impossible instructions all the while) June had made the house look like a veritable bower.

There were flowers, too, flowers from many friends; among them from Pearl Marie, who had sent such rare, costly flowers.

"White-Wash" George did not send his flowers, but brought them. And, instead of giving them to Clementine, who opened the door, he brushed past her and went straight to where June stood.

"June Winston," called Clementine, before "White-Wash" could speak, "run away. W'y it's th' worst luck in th' world for anybody out'n the fambly to see a bride on her weddin' day, 'fore she's got on her weddin' dress."

"Never mind, Clementine," laughed June, shaking hands with the young man in a cordial manner.

"I know people generally have white roses at weddings, June," "White-Wash" said, half apologetically. "But,

I wanted pink ones, for you. Because, you see, to me you always looked like,—like a pink rose.”

He tried to speak bravely but his voice trembled a little, and, placing the great bunch of beautiful roses in June's arms, he turned and hurried away before she could speak.

“He is my good friend,” murmured June, looking after him.

“Huh!” said Clementine, who had heard all. But she looked thoughtful, and when she followed June's directions in arranging the roses she handled them with great tenderness.

“I heered a song onct,” she murmured softly to herself, as she held an especially beautiful rose against her cheek, “as said in it, ‘you think as I give you a rose but ‘t was my heart.’ Leastways, it was somethin’ like that. An’ I think it’s summat like that in this case. I reely do.” And June, pausing in her work, wondered what Clementine could have been saying to the rose that could have brought such a gentle smile to her lips and such a look of tenderness to her eyes?

Ah, June. The woman was never born who has not, at some time in her life, no matter what kind of a life she has led, felt the touch of love on her heart strings. A longing, a half heart-ache, a feeling which she scarcely understands: her secret, which even if she would she could not tell, as there are no words with which to express it.

There was one box of flowers yet unopened. June, humming a little song, removed the lid and took out a great bunch of pansies. Attached to it was Alex Avery's card, wishing her much joy and expressing his regret in not being able to be present that day.

So, he was not coming. June stood looking at the flowers for a moment, then buried her face in their purple depths and breathed deeply of their perfume. And when she lifted her face there

rested, trembling in the light, in the very heart of one of the flowers, something—a drop of dew—perhaps.

“Fer kingdom come! Ain’t you never goin’ to git dressed, June? Folks’ll be comin’ purty soon.”

It was Clementine who spoke. Clementine who always appeared very unexpectedly at the wrong moment. At that particular moment, Will Anderson had caught June under the mistletoe.

June escaped and as she ran out of the room she caught Clementine's arm and squeezed it hard as she said, half indignantly, half laughingly:

“You cross, dear old thing.”

At which Clementine smiled, but only for an instant. Then she turned to Will and spoke to him in just the same tone she has used years before, when he had come there to play, supposedly with John, but in reality to see June.

“This is the third time you’ve been here this mornin’—on business. Ain’t you ever goin’ home an’ get ready? In jest a hour, er mebbby a little bit more, frum this blessed minnit, your married life’ll be begun. Run on home now.”

And home he went.

When June, in her simple white dress, joined Will at the sunny bow window where flowers, vines, and Christmas greens ran riot, there were smothered exclamations of admiration from the younger people and nods of approval from the older ones.

Instead of carrying the white roses which Will had given to her, June had asked him to allow her to carry a few rare, pale yellow ones which her father had given to her, with the remark,

“Your mother loved them so, dear.”

But nestling close to her throat was a single white, half blown rose, and Will knew that she had worn it for him.

When the old minister, with his Bible in his hand, took his place to pronounce the ceremony, a hush fell; a hush broken

only by the song of a canary bird in its cage among the flowers, as it poured out its happiness in song, or piped its "sweet, sweet," as if in adoration of the little bride.

When the ceremony was over, June, with her lips a bit tremulous, lifted a pair of trusting blue eyes to her husband's face. He leaned down and kissed her lips, murmuring something which no one, except June, heard.

She turned to her father, who stood waiting with outstretched arms, and burying her face in his sleeve, cried a few happy tears.

Then Will's mother gathered June in her arms and smoothed her hair lovingly and told her how proud Will should be of her. And Will's father kissed June's forehead and called her "little daughter."

And all the guests gathered around and everyone talked and laughed and made merry.

Then came the dinner. A dinner which Clementine called a "weddin' feast." And such it was. And in that dinner Clementine, with her hair "frizzed," wearing her best dress which was almost covered with a large white apron, and a still larger blue gingham apron with which to keep the white one clean, seemed to have centered all her joy and happiness over the marriage.

Mr. Winston, fearing Clementine might overdo herself that day, had, against her protest, secured "extra help," who upon her arrival was greeted by Clementine with:

"Well, you've come, have you? Set down over there, will you, an' wait till called fer."

And with this, Clementine placed a chair in the far corner where it would be least in the way. And there the "extry" sat while Clementine baked and broiled and roasted and fried, and beat eggs and clattered pots and pans in a manner most bewildering.

"You see," Clementine said sternly

to the "extry," as she had dubbed her, who sat on the edge of her chair and waited expectantly, "I was forehanded enough to do all I could yistiddy. An' what I never done then I got up early this mornin' an' done. An' what I didn't git done then, I'm doin' now. An' that's all they is about it."

And what a dinner it was. Such beautifully browned turkey, and what well cooked vegetables. And what jellies and jams. And bread, and pies and cakes. And how everybody laughed and talked and ate. And what a jolly meal it was.

And, almost before they knew it the afternoon was gone; and the lights were lit and the fires replenished. And later a curtain, which had been drawn all day, was pushed back and there was a Christmas tree. And by and by people began coming until almost every one in the village, old and young, was there. All June's friends.

Such a beautiful tree it was, all bright with tinsel and spangles. And how the children laughed and clapped their hands and danced about. What if the gifts were small? What difference did that make when the Christmas spirit was over it all?

And how every one caught the spirit and laughed and talked and renewed old friendships. Men and women, who thought they had forgotten such things long ago, remembered, at the sight of June's and Will's happy faces, that they, too, had been just as happy and full of hope.

And, remembering, they put aside for the moment the cares and anxieties of the work-a-day present and made merry. The older people grew reminiscent and spoke of "when I was young," of "courtships," of "love" and "weddings."

And there were handclasps and little showings of affection between those who thought they had forgotten. And good resolutions made.

"White-Wash" George was there, making himself very agreeable indeed as he went with John and Harold among the guests, laughing and jesting.

And "Skeet" was there, still angular and homely, but with such a look in his eyes when he introduced a little, brown-eyed woman as "wife" as made him almost handsome.

And Alida, still rather prim, but very good and wholesome, with her husband. And Pearl Marie and her husband, Pearl Marie, with her old haughty manner all gone and in its place a sweet dignity beautiful to see. Love had done much for her.

And little June, Pearl Marie's daughter, who flitted about like a butterfly and looked, with her eyes as blue as the sky and her hair like sunshine, like an embodiment of all her name implied.

And Maggie, "Skeet's" sister, Maggie who, in the far distant past, had taken the part of a "fairy" at Willie Grant Anderson's show, carrying a wand and wearing wings. Maggie, who was now a sweet and dainty young woman.

And Julia, Will's sister, was present. Julia, who, as Madam 'Xpress Office, had, at that same show, walked the "tight rope" with such wonderful dexterity. Who was now a slender young woman with a pale, handsome face like her brother's.

Grace Avery, also, with her dark curls darker than ever and her dark eyes more beautiful. And at the sight of her John, who thought he had forgotten, remembered.

Later, June played some sweet old hymns and they all sang. And the children sang Christmas carols. And when the hour was late, June slipped away for a few moments and when she returned she was completely enveloped in a great cloak.

Standing with his arm about her, Will announced, with a droll little laugh:

"We're just about to start on our long

wedding journey."

Whereupon everybody laughed, as there was to be no wedding journey at all, unless the walk to the little house at the end of the street could be called one.

Then there were merry goodbyes and everyone gathered about the two, and everyone wanted to kiss June and congratulate Will at the very same moment. And such a clamor there was.

Clementine, who had been talking volubly with the minister, hinting of numerous offers of marriage and her views on the subject, (at which the minister had nodded indulgently and mildly responded "Indeed" and "No doubt") now caught sight of June.

"She's a-goin'," Clementine said, stopping in the midst of a sentence. She hurriedly crossed the room and surprised everyone very much by throwing her arms around June and crying very hard, talking incoherently all the while.

Then, pushing June gently toward Will, she disappeared until after June had gone.

"I'd like to know," she sobbed, as she stood behind the kitchen door, mopping her tear-stained face, "what makes me do this? Ain't I glad June's married, bless her?"

Mr. Winston followed June and Will to the gate. And as she turned to kiss him she said, with a little catch in her voice:

"We will not let it make any difference, will we, father?"

He clasped her in his arms and held her close. He stood thus for some time, then said in a hoarse, unnatural voice:

"My little, little girl. There, my boy, take her."

June clung to him sobbing for a moment, then walked slowly away with bowed head.

The snow sparkled and glistened in

the moonlight. The trees, white with frost, seemed like great Christmas trees.

It looked like fairyland. The snow crunched merrily under their feet as they walked along arm in arm.

"It isn't as though you were really going away, darling," said Will, his heart aching at the thought of June's sorrow.

She dried her tears and looked up at him with a tremulous smile.

"I — I am glad to go away,— with you," she whispered.

"Mine, all my own," he murmured, leaning down and putting his cheek against hers as he held her close.

Standing at the gate where they had left him, looking white and worn in the moonlight, his face lifted to the sky, was June's father.

"Oh Rose, Rose, my wife. Never before have I missed you like this," he sobbed.

He buried his face in his hands and stood so for some moments. Then, with a sigh, he squared his shoulders, turned and reentered the house.

A little later June and Will sat before the fire in their own cosy little home. Such a tiny little home it was, but so pretty with its many windows to let the sunlight in, and such a wide fireplace in the living room to lend a look of cheery hospitality the moment one opened the door.

Some of the young people had slipped away that evening and had made this little house bright with lights and fires. And placed bits of holly and mistletoe here and there.

And as June and Will sat, hand in hand, looking into the fire, from outside came the sound of voices singing a Christmas carol.

"Peace, peace, peace on earth,
And good will to men, good will to men,"
they sang, and as their voices died away in the distance, Will took June in his arms and, holding her as if he could never let her go, he murmured earnestly, with uplifted face,

"Oh God, help me to live in such a manner as to show Thee my gratitude for this most precious gift, the love of a good woman."





"THE PRETTIEST, NEATEST LITTLE NEST AMONG A MASS OF CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS"

BIRDS' NESTS IN STRANGE PLACES

By OLIVE SHIPPEN BERRY

NATURE study has become of late years one of the pleasure pursuits of people of all ages, and naturalist photographers have become more numerous and more ardent even than golf enthusiasts.

A Summer spent in the woods and fields with a camera is a revelation, for animals of the wild are most surprising creatures and have an individuality that is really remarkable. The study of birds and their habits is one of the most interesting and engaging branches of nature study, and in a Summer's search one may find nests in all manner of strange places, for birds, like human beings, seem to have idiosyncrasies.

Birds are most interesting when they are building their nests, as they show such keen instinct and such pretty mannerisms. They search about and are very fastidious as to where they shall make their home. They like an odd situation, generally, and flutter and twitter about

holes and corners, considering with concern if these be suitable places.

The photographs given here show the strange nooks in which birds built in one Summer of observation.

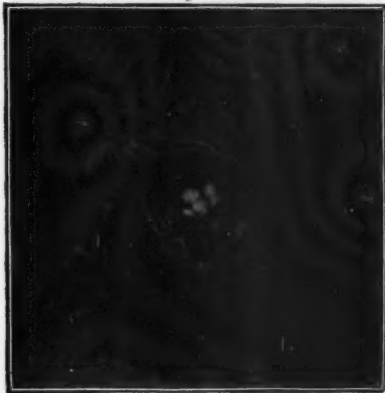


"A BROWN THRESHER'S NEST IN AN OLD HORSE COLLAR"



THE VESPER SPARROW'S BASKET HOME

For example, here is a brown thrasher's nest in an old horse collar. A place quite uncommon, for this bird generally builds upon the ground or in some low shrub in the meadow or pasture. It rarely builds near a human habitation. This old collar, however, hung at the back of an old shed wall rather remote from other dwellings and it hung very near the ground. Weeds had grown up nearly to its base and this may have led the birds to believe that it was the notch of a tree. They built an elaborate nest and raised their brood of little thrashers and it proved a most successful site.



MEADOW LARK'S NEST IN AN OLD TIN PAIL

It is well to help the birds along in their real estate business and to hang things about in the hope of attracting their attention. Some of these things are ignored while others are accepted with keen appreciation. This vesper sparrow's nest was built in a torn basket which was purposely hung against a brick wall and partially filled with dry grass. Many birds came to inspect it, but turned away dissatisfied. The little sparrow spied it and set immediately to work fashioning a hair-lined nest for his mate. The meadow lark surprised the naturalist by seeking out an old tin pail for his nest. It was rusted and full of



"MISTOOK AN OLD FISH NET FOR A MASS OF TANGLED VINES"

holes and was cast away in a meadow and partly overgrown with ferns. It rested on its side and was much after the style of the meadow lark's home; that is, it had a roof, and the lark doubtless thought — if larks think — that a tin roof was better than one of grass such as larks usually build. So the pair made a fine nest and filled it with six speckled eggs and the domicile proved a great success.

A little wren evidently mistook an old fish net for a mass of tangled vines, for he built his big, mossy nest within its meshes and found it most satisfactory. His nest was a work of art and was



NUTHATCHES KEEP HOUSE IN AN ABANDONED
LETTER BOX

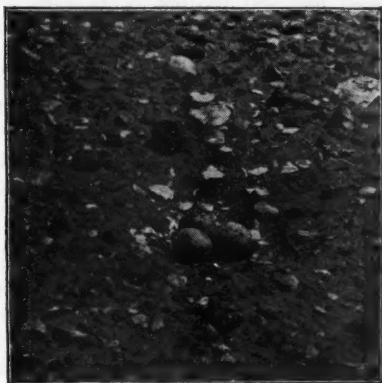
woven into the meshes of the fish net most intricately.

A little reed bird built the prettiest, neatest little nest among a mass of cat-o'-nine-tails in a sunny meadow; it was a dainty affair, made of pale dried grasses and it seemed to rest very lightly among the rushes, although it was most firmly fastened there.

But the oddest experience of helping a bird in his house hunting was that with a white breasted nuthatch, which is generally regarded as a shy bird. Against one of the barns on an old farm was an abandoned letter box. It was locked, but the nuthatches seemed to have taken a great fancy to the slit across the top of the small door left for the entrance of letters. They fluttered about the box

and chatted eagerly together, peering into the box in perplexity. Watchers procured a key and opened the box, the door swinging wide. The birds returned after a time, seemed delighted to find the open door and immediately proceeded to build their nest of straw and feathers. The door remained open all Summer with its keys dangling and the little "creepers" seemed eminently satisfied.

The remaining photograph is given in contrast—to show how little trouble the oyster catcher takes to find a suitable place for his nest. He gathers a few straws together—and a very few too—and among the rough pebbles on the



ANY PLACE SATISFIES THE OYSTER CATCHER

sands of the sea beach he and his mate raise their brood of little oyster catchers from the big speckled eggs.



HOW GIB TURNER GOT HIS FOURTH

By J. K. WILSON

PORTLAND, MAINE

GILBERT TURNER stood by the front gate with his hands rammed down deep in his trousers pockets. He was trying to whistle, but it wasn't much of a success; somehow he couldn't seem to get the right pucker to his lips. And something was the matter with his eyes, too; he had to keep winking all the time. Of course he wasn't crying,—he was too big for that,—most fourteen. If he had been a "kid," now, there's no knowing what might have happened. It's a pretty dreary time in a boy's life when he's just too big to cry when he wants to, and just little enough to want to, sometimes.

And surely Gilbert, or "Gib," Turner, "most fourteen," had abundant reason for tears that day. No firecrackers for the Fourth! No blowing of horns, or ringing of bells, or getting up in the middle of the night! No noise,—the Fourth, and no noise! Think of that! Why, what was the use of having any Revolutionary War at all? And why didn't the Constitution of the United States give the boys some rights? Of grievances less than this, anarchists are made.

Yet so had the edict gone forth. Gilbert had just come from a long talk with his father in which Mr. Turner had laid down very clearly the laws that were to govern the Turner household on Independence Day, now just at hand. There was to be nothing of the racket that usually prevailed; it was meaningless; it was extravagant, wasting good money and endangering property; it was perilous to life and limb, and Mr. Turner read a long list of accidents that had happened on the previous Fourth. Of course he didn't want his little boy to be absolutely without the means of a

good time; so he would buy him a pack of firecrackers, (how Gib's nose went up at the mention of one pack of firecrackers!) but these were not to be touched until after breakfast, and were all to be fired off before night; there wasn't to be any disturbance in the evening.

"But, papa," Gilbert had ventured to remonstrate, "all the boys—"

"There! There! That'll do! That's no argument. What other people do is nothing to you. All there is about it, is that you are not goin' into this Fourth of July tomfoolery, an' make yourself a nuisance to people generally. There ain't any sense in it, an' I'm not goin' to have it; so that ends it!"

And the case was closed in the high court of appeal, for Sam Turner's word was law in his own household.

Was it "luck" that sent Job Horton down the road past the Turner place just then? "Uncle Job," Gib called him, although he was in no way of kin to him. But Job and Sam had grown up from boyhood together, chums and cronies in the earlier days, and warm and fast friends in these later times. Gilbert had among all his relatives none dearer to him than this "Uncle" who was not his uncle at all; and his sorrowful face lighted up a little now at sight of him.

"Hello, Gibbie!" was his cheery salutation. "What makes you so sober? Plannin' how to make the most racket on the Fourth?"

"No-o-o," answered the boy, slowly; "papa says—" He hesitated; he didn't wish to seem disloyal to his father, or even to question that he was right; but the burden was too heavy to carry alone, and in an impetuous rush the

words broke forth, and Uncle Job was soon in possession of the whole story. He whistled softly to himself during its recital, and there was a quizzical look in his eyes at some parts of it. But when Gilbert had finished, all he said was:

"Too bad! But of course if that's the way your father thinks about it, I s'pose there's nothin' to be said or done. But I wouldn't feel too much down in the mouth, if I were you; mebbe something'll turn up yet."

And although the words were vague, the tone was so kindly and so confident, that the lad was comforted, and ventured to pluck up heart of hope. But as the days passed and nothing came of it, his hope sank again and he began to train himself to the thought of a crackerless, powderless, noiseless, dangerless Fourth.

Just in the edge of the evening of the third, Job sauntered over to the Turner place. He found Sam on the bench under the old elm, enjoying the cool breezes and sat down beside him.

"Well, the racket's begun," he said, as the sound of a distant pistol shot came upon the evening air.

"Yes," answered Sam, "an' what a nuisance it is! No sleep tonight, with all this firing' an' bell ringing'; an' lots of fingers burnt off an' eyes put out; an' money 'nough spent right here in this town to go a long ways toward keepin' all the poor through a whole Winter! No sense in it! There orter be a law to put a stop to it!"

Job Horton's eyes twinkled.

"Mighty good thing there wasn't such a law when we was young uns, Sam. We'd 've kicked like steers if anybody'd 'tempted to shut off our Fourth, now wouldn't we?"

"Oh, I s'pose so. That's because we was fools, like all the rest."

"W-e-l-l, I'm not so sure that it is all foolishness," replied his friend. "Human nater's a queer thing; it's got to

have some chance to work itself off, or there's mischief to pay. I dunno but the Fourth's what Elder Sampson would call 'a merciful dispensation of Providence' for that very purpose. And how we used to have some good times on the day, didn't we?"

"Y-e-s, fun enough," assented the other, grudgingly; "but —"

"'Member the night I slept with you, an' your father locked us in, an' we shinned out of the winder on a rope?"

"Yes," smiled Sam, relenting a little at the recollection.

"An' then how we went 'round to the front of the house an' let off a whole pack of crackers under his winder? Mad? Well, wan't he, though? But that was jest like you; you always was the impidentest critter that ever was,—purty feller you are, to talk about boys makin' nuisances of 'emselves nowadays! You was always hatchin' up some plan for a racket. 'Member takin' the old cannon from the Green, an' draggin' it all the way up Bear Hill? That was you, again, an' it was you that loaded her an' tetchd her off. Wonder the old thing didn't bust an' blow our heads off. Reckless? Well, of course we were, an' you was the most reckless of the lot,—a perfect daredevil. I s'pose you'd be scairt to death if Gib took it into his head to do half the things you used to do."

"I should hope he'd more sense than his daddy had."

"W-e-l-l, I don't know," said Job again. "Does a boy good to take some risks. Don't want him to be a sissy. Of course they's sech a thing as carrying it to extremes, an' I ruther guess you'd come under that head, some of the pranks you used to do. 'Member the night that Jim Huston took the rope off the Methodist bell an' swore the bell shouldn't be rung, an' how you clim up the meetin' house by the lightnin' rod, an' worked your way along the ridge

pole, an' got into the steeple an' hammered the old bell with a sledge? Le's see; that was you, wa'n't it? Or was it Dick Allen?"

"Dick Allen!" repeated Sam, scornfully. "Well, I guess not! Dick Allen wa'n't up to sech a thing as that. No, that was me."

"Guess you're right," said Job, reflectively; "I rec'lect now. An' you couldn't 've been much older than Gibbie is, if any. Well, them was good old days, an' I only hope that the kids that are comin' on 'll have as good times as their daddies did, that's all. Sometimes I wonder if a feller doesn't forgit to make allowances for the young uns as he gits older. Because he doesn't see any fun in some of these things no more, he thinks that nobody else does. But I must mosey along home. So long."

And he sauntered down the road toward the Horton place.

Long after his friend left him Sam Turner sat in his place under the old elm. Inside the house the family was getting ready for bed; the lights went out in one room after another; but he gave no heed. His thoughts were busy with the past. He was a boy again, on this very spot. It was the night before the Fourth, once more, and they were getting ready for the fun. Jim Blaney was there, and Job Horton, and "Stub" Grant, and Frank Denison, and "Reddy" Nichols,—oh, it was the usual crowd. He hadn't thought of some of them for years, but now they all came back to his mind as large as life. And he was the recognized leader—"the master of the revels." What fun they had—he chuckled over the recollection of more than one escapade. And what risks they ran—he almost shuddered as he thought of some of them. And what nuisances they must have been to older and more sedate people sometimes.

"Oh, well," he murmured to himself in half excuse, "boys must be boys."

A gunshot near at hand woke him from his dreaming. He looked at his watch, by the moonlight straggling through the branches of the tree. Nearly eleven o'clock! He had no idea it was so late! Time to go to bed, and he rose and started toward the house. Just as he reached the door, however, there came to him another vision. He saw Gilbert's sober and disappointed face when he told him that there was to be "no Fourth of July tomfoolery 'round that house." He saw the little bunch of firecrackers—just one mean little pack! And his face grew red and hot in the darkness with a curious feeling of shame. For a moment he hesitated. Then, saying under his breath, "I'll do it! A boy ain't a boy but once in his life," he started down the road toward the village.

Jed Farley had just closed up the store and had got his boots off, preparatory to going to bed, when there came a rap at the door.

"Who's there?" he called, in an unamiable tone.

"Sam Turner," was the response. "Come open up, will you? Want some fireworks."

"Won't do it!" growled Jed. "Why didn't ye git yer fireworks at a decent time, 'stead of draggin' a feller outen his bed this time of night?"

"Never mind; come 'long now, an' get me some."

"Tell ye I won't do it! Come 'round in the mornin' an' ye c'n hev all ye want; but ye ain't a-goin' t' git none t'night."

But at last, partly through the entreaties of Mr. Turner without, and partly through the expostulations of Mrs. Jed within, he pulled on his boots again and opened the store, and lighted a lamp that threw a dismal flicker over the contents of the crowded room.

"Now what d' ye want?" he grumbled. "Hurry up 'n' pick it out, f'r I want t' go t' bed."

"Give me whatever makes the loudest noise," was the answer. "Some of them biggest crackers,—that cannon,—got any ca'tridge pistols? Oh, yes; here they be. One of them. An' ca'tridges to go with it, of course. An' powder. Half a dozen boxes of them big bull torpedoes; a horn—loudest you've got. Guess that'll do for now; I'll come over in the mornin' an' git some more."

And gathering up his bundles, he started homeward. Once out of the village, he found himself swinging alone in the old jog trot of his boyhood days, too excited to walk soberly and sedately. The fire of the Fourth had got into his blood, and every nerve was tingling, and it was hard work to keep from opening some of his parcels and joining in the noise that was increasing in volume as the night wore on.

He slipped off his shoes just inside the door, and quietly made his way to Gilbert's room. There lay the boy in a troubled sleep on his bed—a boy asleep "the night before the Fourth!" The idea of it! The man dropped on his knees beside the bed, and shook him gently.

"Gibbie! Gibbie!" he whispered; "Come, wake up!"

Slowly the lad struggled back to consciousness, and looked in uncomprehending wonder at his father by his bedside.

"Come, Gibbie, wake up!" he repeated. "It's 'most midnight, an' the other fellers'll get ahead of you if you don't watch out. Here's your stuff on the chair—some of the best Jed had, an' it orter make consid'able of a racket. An' Gibbie, Rollins, the sexton down

at the Methodist, has tied the rope up 'round the bell, an' nailed the doors an' winders, an' says he ain't afeared that anybody'll ring that bell tonight. But I tell you what to do; you jest take that ladder out in the horse sheds, an' climb up to the little winder in the loft—that ain't never fastened,—an' go in that way. It's moonlight, an' you can see your way, all right. Jest yank that old bell for all you're worth! It'll be a good one on Rollins. Come, hurry up,"—little need for the exhortation, for Gilbert was dressing as fast as his trembling hands would let him, but the father was more excited than the boy—"hurry up; an' as soon as you get old of the bell rope give her three yanks, an' I'll know it's you. Here's your stuff; fire it all off before breakfast, an' we'll get some more for the rest of the day. Fourth of July don't come but once a year."

"Why, pop," began the astonished boy, "I thought you said—"

"Never mind what I said, or didn't say. Mebbe I was foolish an' forgot some things I'd orter remembered. Anyways, run along, an' have a good time."

And he fairly thrust the lad out of the room; then himself slowly undressed and went to bed. But not to sleep yet. His thoughts were following his boy out into the delicious abandon of "the night before the Fourth." But when at last three sharp strokes of the little bell smote the midnight air, followed by a riotous jangle of noise, as though a crowd of demons was at the bell rope, he smiled a contented smile.

"The young un's caught on," he said,—and dropped off to sleep.

FATE'S IRONY

By L. A. H.

Full many a noble heart and proud
Her lightest word might stir:
To one alone her spirit bowed
Who craved no love of her.

THE PRINCE



THE situation developed into a crisis with alarming rapidity. Monteith was not a man to lose his head, danger being his element, and complications, involving the peace of the world, as the breath of his nostrils. But, for all that, before he reached the street he realized not only that a baffling mystery had suddenly confronted him, but that unless a speedy solution were reached, a sensation of world-wide proportions, likely to create a most serious international embarrassment, was at hand.

It had taken him not more than three minutes to procure the field glasses from the weather observatory on the top of the building, but when he returned to the office on the twentieth floor the prince was gone! Thinking that his royal highness might have strolled out into the corridor, Monteith walked around the four sides of the great office building and looked into the public dressing rooms. He was nowhere to be seen. As it was Saturday and two o'clock, most of the offices were already shut, and the charwomen were beginning to make their rounds. They had seen no gentleman come out of No. 2045. The only elevator that was running was on the other side of the court. Monteith hastened to it. The officer could not say whether or not he remembered the gentleman with the Vandyke beard—had not seen any such man go down, he was positive, in the last ten minutes. Things were growing interesting. There was one more chance. The prince, having become tired of waiting, may have gone down stairs and rejoined the two other secret service men whom Monteith had stationed at the street entrance to keep an eye on suspicious persons entering the building while he had his royal

AND THE GIRL

charge were upstairs. But no, neither of the detectives had seen the prince. The three cool headed men looked at each other. It was not necessary to discuss the situation. Each of the three instinctively saw all that it meant, but not one of them had a suggestion to make.

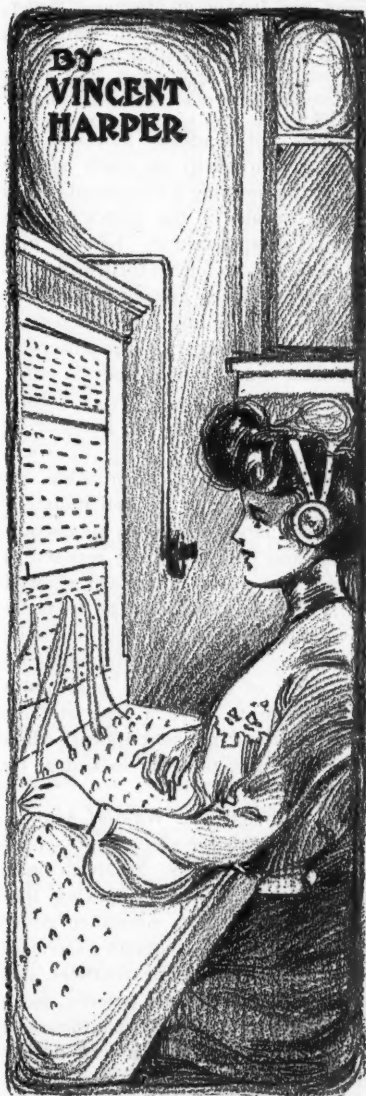
"Boys, we're up against it this time for fair," muttered Monteith, viciously chewing the end of his unlighted cigar—a sign, the others knew, that that wonderful brain of his was working at white heat. No practical result followed, however, for the genius of the secret service was, for once, unequal to the task of deducing a theory from the meager facts.

Suddenly, however, Monteith threw away his cigar, stood for a moment with closed eyes, and then said quietly but quickly: "Either of you notice a man, short, thin, fifty-five, gray beard, stoops a little, nervous, come down about a quarter of an hour ago?"

"Yes, I did," replied Thornton; "looks like a commuter—Jersey?"

"Exactly," said Monteith, adding with incredible rapidity: "Lives in East Orange, will stop to buy fruit and things, so you can catch him at Barclay street ferry. Take Blake with you and send him out there with old March—that's his name—tell Blake to cover him until he hears from me. You come back here quick as you can, for I want you. Here, McCormick, take this note to the Waldorf. Give it to the president—himself, mind,—and freeze on to the telephone in the prince's suite, and don't leave it until I tell you to."

Thornton had started for the ferry before his chief had finished speaking, and the instant that the pencilled note



"AWFULLY SORRY * * BUT I HAVEN'T A DATE I CAN GIVE YOU FOR A MONTH."

was written on a leaf of Monteith's memorandum book Blake was hurrying to the elevated road on his way to the hotel. Then the chief calmly lighted a cigar, and buying an afternoon paper, was apparently reading it, while his boots were being polished in an alcove off the lobby of the Columbia Trust building.

He was not reading, however, but getting a firm grasp on every minute detail of the morning's movements up to the fatal instant of the prince's unaccountable disappearance. For the first time in his life he felt no thrill of professional joy on finding himself face to face with a situation calling for the exercise of those almost supernatural powers of penetration and searching analysis which had made him famous. With a sinking heart he now felt only the humiliation and disgust that would be his, if, as was momentarily growing more probable, his worst fears proved to be well founded. It had been largely owing to his encouragement and the confidence reposed in him, that the prince had been allowed to carry out his wish to escape from the wearying formalities and state functions to which he was necessarily subjected as the guest of the nation, and to slip out incognito to have a look at New York as it is and not as it appears when conscious that it is being looked at by royalty.

They had left the Waldorf-Astoria, accordingly, with the glee of two school boys breaking bounds, Monteith in a frock coat and silk hat, looking like a conservative man of substance going down to consult his bankers as to a readjustment of some of his securities, and the prince in tweeds and a derby, looking like any one of the ten thousand clerks among whom they moved during their morning's visit to the financial district. Familiar as the public was with the appearance of the royal guest, Monteith's keen, restless eyes did not detect

one person who recognized his unobtrusive companion. They had looked down at the brokers from the gallery of the Stock Exchange, and those bald-headed and acrobatic gentlemen continued to yell at no one in particular and to shake their fists in each other's faces in the ordinary way of business; whereas, on the occasion of the prince's visit in state a few days before, they had embarrassed that modest young man by singing "He's a jolly good fellow," while executing a Choctaw medicine dance in his honor.

Wishing to give his royal highness a bird's-eye view of the city and the harbor, Monteith had taken him to the top of the Columbia Trust building, and, as the best view of the bay was to be got from the window of a small office at the end of the corridor, with whose occupant Monteith was slightly acquainted, they had asked Mr. March to allow them to enter. The kindly, middle aged insurance agent who was just pulling down the top of his desk and getting ready to leave, begged them to make themselves at home, and, if they would excuse him—he must make a train—they could stop as long as they chose, being good enough to shut the door tight on going out. It was then that Monteith made a mistake. Thinking to reward the very civil old gentleman, he whispered to him as he passed out of the door, and Mr. March trotted off elated to tell his grandchildren that the prince had actually visited his office and sat in his chair. Fatal gratitude, thought Monteith now, for in all likelihood the simple old man could not contain so much glory, and would proclaim the honor to the first man whom he met. This man would tell the next. In five minutes every one in or about the building may have heard about it, and — what?

Spying the score of battleships that had been summoned to take part in the naval parade on the following Monday,

lying off Staten Island, the sailor prince had expressed regret at not having brought his field glasses, and Monteith had then made his second mistake. He had run up to the weather forecaster's perch on the roof of the building to try to get a pair of glasses, and when he returned to March's office—a little one-roomed affair—the prince was gone!

Those were the steps that had led up to the decidedly disquieting situation which now stared him in the face. What was to be done? At four o'clock his royal highness was to drive with the president, who had come from Washington to do the honors as the official host of the nation. That item in the day's program might be omitted without arousing the public curiosity. But at seven there was the state dinner of the army and navy and later the gala performance at the opera. Failure to appear at either of these functions could be accounted for only by announcing the prince's sudden, severe indisposition, and to make any such plea it would be necessary to secure the collusion of no end of members of the royal party, to say nothing of servants. And, granting that this were done, what would follow? The alleged illness could not continue indefinitely. Sooner or later it must be known that the prince was missing. Just what this would mean internationally Monteith was not just then able to foresee, but what it would mean to him personally grew clearer and clearer. He must find the prince before six o'clock—or be a ruined man.

It had not taken him as long to think this all out as it has to narrate it; so, long before he tossed the dime to the Sicilian and descended from his throne with gleaming boots, he had formulated two theories and determined upon two courses of action intended to meet them.

"Well, Monteith, what does this mean?" asked the president when the secret service man, harassed and hag-

gard, was admitted to his private apartment at five o'clock.

"God knows," answered Monteith; "You received my note?"

"Yes," replied the president curtly; "and I must say that I felt tempted to ignore it. I did not, however, as I felt sure that you would throw light on the matter at once. Do you realize that it is five o'clock, and that it will be impossible to conceal the facts much longer?"

"Mr. President," said Monteith, speaking with intense earnestness; "it will be unnecessary for you to remind me that I have made an unspeakable fool of myself. Nothing that you could say could increase either the regret or the shame which I feel. It is also unnecessary for me to tell you, sir, that the situation has now become desperate. Before the world I might consider it my duty to allay uneasiness and at the same time safeguard my reputation by making light of the matter, or feigning to know the explanation. But with you, Mr. President, I must be frank. I confess that I have not the remotest idea as to the whereabouts of his royal highness, and also wish to urge upon you my growing fear that, owing to my unpardonable stupidity, the person of the prince was exposed, and he has been kidnapped by—"

"Anarchists?" broke in the president aghast.

"Probably," replied Monteith quietly; "or others counting upon a ransom."

"But, good heavens, do you realize what this means?" asked the president, rising and walking about. "If the papers get hold of this thing, fancy the position in which it places me, the people, the country!"

"It was about that that I came to see you, before beginning to put my plans into execution," answered Monteith eagerly. "The papers must not get hold of it, and you, Mr. President, are the only one who can prevent them."

"I? How?"

"By sending first for White of the Associated Press, and then the rest. They are all in the press room now—I saw them just a moment ago—and the yellow fellows are already smelling around for a story to account for the prince's failure to go driving as arranged."

"But would not discussing the affair with them be to expose our hand?"

"Emergencies, Mr. President, sweep precedents aside. You must exercise powers now which are not, perhaps, constitutional, but, which in your hands will compel compliance. Send for White. Tell him that an accident has happened to the prince which may prevent him appearing this evening, and that, while this will be fully explained presently, anything appearing in the press—beyond the mere announcement—will throw disgrace upon the country, possibly bring about international complications, excite an outbreak of anarchy, and certainly plunge all of Europe into wholly unnecessary alarm. Use your personality, Mr. President. Ask these men, as a personal favor to you, not to wantonly destroy the perfect success of the royal visit which has been thus far so remarkable. Try it, sir."

White at once pledged the Associated Press to a sincere policy of supporting the president, and the representatives of the local press—with a few mutterings about the right of the public to have the news—also acquiesced. This gave Monteith a few hours' breathing time, and he hurried off to carry out the plans which had been seething in his mind all the afternoon. One of his two theories he abandoned at once upon getting Thornton's report as to the whereabouts of three men who had managed to elude the vigilance which had drawn the dragnet of suspicion across the country before the arrival of the prince, with the result that scores of gentlemen of known an-

tipathy to modern civilization were prevented from making the acquaintance of the genial young scion of royalty. Thornton, by dint of that sixth sense which sudden emergency seems to develop in men of his calling, had located two of his prey in Passaic, and the other in Long Island City, where he pounced upon their innocent labors, and they were now meditating on the changes and chances of this mortal life in a place of security and rest.

With the finding of these men disappeared the possibility of the prince having fallen a victim to an anarchist plot. The much wider question of kidnapping then confronted the dozen resourceful men who were bending all their powers of analysis and penetration toward the solution of what would become, unless they were successful, the most sensational case in the history of mysterious disappearances. The heir to the throne of one of the greatest empires on earth was, indeed, a subject for a thrilling kidnapping story.

By telephone Monteith ascertained that Mr. March had told only two persons of the honor the prince had done him by coming into his office. Both of these persons, unfortunately, would be sure to communicate the news to others—perhaps to others unknown to themselves and who might have been lurking about the building watching for just such a relaxation of vigilance as had occurred. One, the janitor of the building, stated that he had not mentioned the matter to anybody until three o'clock, when he had told the policeman detailed as special officer at the Trust Company's offices. But the other, the keeper of the cigar stand in the lobby, had not been so reticent. He had, he said, mentioned the prince's visit to many of his customers during the afternoon, and he remembered that when he first did so a man who was standing close to his alcove started on hearing the news and

almost immediately went up in the elevator. He was a thick-set, rather shabbily dressed man, he said, and looked like a foreigner, a Hungarian musician, or something of that sort.

Monteith snatched at this bit of information with avidity, and soon had got on the track of the stranger. The elevator boy remembered such a man. He had asked for Mr. March's office. The cigar dealer then recalled having seen the man come down the stairs—not the elevator, with a younger man—couldn't say whether he had a Vandyke beard, or how he was dressed. The two had got into a cab. Bravo! In a twinkling they were after the cabby, and located him in the long string standing on the Fifth avenue side of Madison Square. Yes, he remembered the two men. He had taken them to the Staten Island boat—aha!—the fleet of battle-ships would be quite a bait! Despatching three men under the direction of Thornton to Staten Island—a delightful trap—Monteith hurried up to see the president in order to head off a premature outbreak of publicity, and, by pretending to be totally in the dark, he had, as we have seen, induced the president to take an heroic stand with success.

But at quarter to six all their calculations were upset by different causes. Monteith was standing near the telephone booth at the Staten Island ferry house waiting for the good news which he felt must be forthcoming now at any moment, when he chanced to glance over the shoulder of a man who sat reading a late edition of a yellow journal. Across the whole width of the page in red ink was printed the startling headline:

**"MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE
OF THE PRINCE!**

**Last Seen Entering the
Columbia Trust Building."**

Almost at the same moment a young woman, breathless, hysterical, had ar-

rived at the Waldorf-Astoria and demanded an interview with the president.

II

When Monteith left him to go in search of the glasses, his royal highness, who had keenly enjoyed the day's outing, thought he would avail himself of his protector's temporary absence and do a bit of exploring on his own account.

The elevators that had shot him hundreds of feet into the air, swiftly and noiselessly, possessed especial interest for him, and it occurred to him that all the fascination of an escapade would be his if he were to make a flying trip to the ground and back again before Monteith—whom he liked immensely, but who was a bit too cautious—had returned to the old gentleman's office.

There being no time to lose, the prince grabbed up his hat and opened the door, which he slammed behind him. To his amazement he found that he was not in the corridor, but in a small closet lighted by a little window near the ceiling. He turned to go back into the office but discovered that there was no knob on the inside of the door which had been fastened when he shut it, thereby trapping him. Laughing at the joke, he examined his prison, and saw that it was evidently a coat closet. In one corner stood a wash-stand, a few towels were piled on the small shelf, from the under side of which hung an old overcoat, and on the wall close by the door was a telephone. The window was far too high up for him to look out of it, so that his chance of escape was limited to the door—a heavy one of quartered oak two inches thick. Except as a scientific invention, telephones were not known to his royal highness, so that so obvious a means of communication quite escaped his notice at first. In fact, the idea that his imprisonment was anything more than a huge joke never entered his

mind, so that the question of how to get out did not occur to him.

He heard Monteith come in, but in order to extract all that there was of fun in his absurd situation, he purposely made no sound to attract his attention, and not until he heard his guide hurry out again without returning did the seriousness of the fix appear to him. But, then, somebody would surely come—when! The old gentleman had said that he was going home—and tomorrow would be Sunday! While calculating his ability to exist until Monday, he suddenly remembered that Monday and Tuesday had been declared public holidays in his honor. On Monday there was to be the naval parade, and on Tuesday the review of the troops on Riverside Drive. Merciful powers! Because these generous Americans were thus to do him honor he might starve like a rat in a hole! But, pshaw! the instant that he was found to be missing they would look for him. Yes, of course, but where would they look? Monteith had come back, and, finding him gone, had departed to look for him elsewhere. He might, of course, return to see if he had come back, but then again, he might not.

The very serious possibilities were beginning to impress themselves painfully upon him when the whirr of the telephone bell close to his ear both startled and relieved him. Clutching the receiver he put it to his ear.

"Hello! Is this you, March?" asked a faint, far-off voice.

"Beg pardon," mildly responded the heir apparent.

"Getting gushy, eh?" came the through the receiver; "I say, March, I wish you would send that policy that you—"

"But, I say, you know," broke in the prince; "I am not Mr. March."

"The deuce you say. Ain't this March's office?"

"I really can't say, don't you know. The fact is—"

"Oh, rats," and a sharp click terminated the interesting interview.

But, like many a word seemingly spoken to no purpose, the message of the unknown and somewhat abrupt stranger was freighted with helpful suggestion to the future monarch. Starvation, at all events, need not be feared. In this blessed telephone was a means of deliverance. Ultimate salvation being assured, there was no immediate necessity to blush unseen—a pleasing thought when it gradually dawned upon the extremely modest prince that before he could hope to revisit the glimpses of the moon he would be compelled to ask an impersonal outer world please to be so good as to come and let him out of the coat closet at—where? Great heavens! He did not know where! He did not know the name of the old gentleman—which evidently was not March—no, nor the name of the building. Would he have to implore the public—and such a jolly, beastly waggish sort, these Americans!—to please look through all the coat closets in New York until they found him? There was a twinge of remorse, moreover, in the thought that Monteith would be blamed, when it was all his own fault. Thank goodness, nothing need be done at once.

Settling down to the rather negative comfort of postponing the inevitable, his royal highness was rudely disturbed by the sudden recollection that he was to drive out with the president of the United States at four. He looked guiltily and fearfully at his watch. It was nearly three. Something must be done at once. Precisely, but? He would throw himself unreservedly upon the tender mercies of one of the telephone company's servants—be it remembered he came from a land where there are servants—and by judicious intimations of future substantial rewards,

secure the good creature's secrecy and assistance.

When the last possible moment of delay was more than stretched, he resolutely turned to the telephone and looked in vain for the little crank whereby to signal his prospective servant-ally. There was none. In the only telephone which he had ever examined the crank was the feature. Perhaps, like the door of this wretched trap, the telephone was only available from the outside! This at once led to a horrid recurrence of the thought of starvation in general and of his starvation in particular.

Perhaps he could catch the cold, unpitying world on the wing, as it were, by listening to any chance conversation that might be going on. Accordingly, he again took down the receiver and placed it to his ear.

"Number?" said a female voice at once, with an inviting rising inflection which encouraged conversation.

"I beg pardon; but, you see—" he began.

"Busy," snapped the erstwhile seductive voice.

Again that killing click. Again silence as of death.

A bad quarter of an hour passed. In half an hour he must be at the hotel to change for the drive. Something must be done. He leaned against the door. Gibraltar is no more impracticable than was that solid barricade. Climbing upon the wash-stand, he tried to get a look out of the little window, but he could not get within five feet of it. It must be the telephone. Once more he placed the receiver at his ear, in the rapidly diminishing but desperate hope that some Christian might be talking.

"Number?" again asked the voice sweetly.

"Beg pardon, but—" the click threatened doom, but he persevered this time and was rewarded.

"Well, then, Charlie, what is it?"

laughed the affectionate one.

"I'm not Charles, you know, but, I say really, you know, I want to telephone to somebody—and—I don't know how," said the prince apologetically, while beads of hope mingled with terror ran down his blushing face.

"Aw, by Jove, you know, just ovah from deah old Lunnon, eh?" asked the cruel fair—no American, evidently.

"Yes—yes," eagerly explained his royal highness, praying that the click might not frustrate this very hopeful promise.

"Well, old chappie," went on the voice of the ministering angel; "I pwesume you want to talk to the deah pwince, by Jove."

"No!" shouted the prince quivering with suppressed excitement, and beginning to wonder if this young woman—these blooming American girls are capable of anything—if this young woman recognized his voice, and was ragging him now that she do so without the slightest chance of being detected. "No, I am the prince, you know—and—the fact is—"

The fatal click hurt his ear, his pride and his hope. But almost at once a buzz announced the reestablishment of diplomatic relations.

"Come now, Willie," said the amazing creature; "this is our busy day. What number do you want? He's a bird, girls," this last remark apparently addressed to her guilty accomplices whose derisive laughter was heard. "I don't want any number, you know—that is, I don't know what number I want," explained his royal highness, throwing his soul into his pleading.

"Well," returned the voice growing a trifle brusque; "why don't you look at the book? Come on, now, what party do you want, then?"

"The president—or—or—anybody, you know, at the hotel," stammered the desperate prince, taken off his guard.

"Say, girls, I've caught a daisy with rats in his garret," announced the voice to the ambushed accomplices with no relevancy apparent to the red and nervous man at the other end of the wire. "So you want the president, do you?" "Where is your royal highness?"

This seemed respectful, so the prince replied with dignity: "I can't say just where I am, you know, but, my good woman, if you will advise the president that I can't go driving with him—"

"Oh, turn off the hot air," exclaimed the girl, addressing, manifestly, some person or persons to the prince unknown. "And, now, deah boy, hang up the receiver. The boss is getting on to us, and I'll be bounced if I'm spotted again."

"But I tell you, my dear madam, that I am the prince, and—"

"Awfully sorry," replied the girl; "but I haven't a date I can give you for a month. Ta ta!"

The prince sorrowfully hung up the receiver. Perhaps the next person into whose conversation he might break would prove to be more imbued with the spirit of mercy and amenable to the importunings of grief. It, of course, did not occur to him that each time that he took the receiver down the initiative lay with him. He blushed to admit that he deliberately broke in upon the private conversation of total strangers in this way, but his extremity was great, and this crankless telephone, like the knobless door, made a waiting policy the only possible one. If he could only, by a lucky chance, catch some one who would advise the telephone company that he wished to get into communication with the hotel, all would be well. By a singular coincidence, he had happened to cut into the gossip of some excessively vulgar young woman who was evidently making arrangements of a social nature with gentlemen by the name of Charles and William and who—her talk proved her a giddy creature—

persisted in thinking his appeals a bit of flirtatious banter.

The next time he would be more aggressive, more explicit. He had allowed his reticence to interfere with his interests. He must not merely reply to the questions—necessarily inapt—of those whom he rudely interrupted. He must take the initiative. He must refer the incredulous to his now probably alarmed friends at the hotel.

It was half after four—surely that dreadful girl would have finished her afternoon's conversation. Once more into the breach! He took the receiver down with hope and fear struggling for the mastery.

"You butting in again, Charlie?" asked the voice of the same girl.

"It's awfully rude of me, and I beg your pardon," answered the prince, speaking with great rapidity and earnestness, and determined to wrest the initiative from the hands of the fair inconsequent; "but, really, don't you know, my dear madam, somebody must come and fetch me, you know, for I'm locked in—most extraordinary situation—and the president expects me, so pray be good enough to advise them at the Waldorf-Astoria."

A giggle and the chatter of girlish voices met this pathetic appeal. The initiative and referendum had proved a practical failure. But wait!

"I say, my dear madam," began his royal highness, inspired with a new idea. "Do you mind telling me how I can get into touch with the general system of telephonic communication? You see, the instrument through which I am now speaking is intended only for inward messages, you know."

"Say, girls, you'd oughter hear the language manufacturer now," said the voice to the accomplices, and then adding to the prince: "So, you want to touch the general for a ten spot, do you, Algernon? He's busy."

"No, no," quickly protested the prince, "I referred to the general system of telephones, you know. And I am not Algernon—I am the same gentleman who spoke to you before. Won't you advise them to come and fetch me. If you will permit me to say so, the princess will be grateful if you will allow her to reward you suitably."

"She locked up with you?" laughed the torment with another cruel click. "I'm on to you, Algernon deah, so good night."

This was final as far as she was concerned. He must wait until he heard other voices, so he kept the receiver at his ear, and was astonished presently by hearing a man's voice saying sharply: "See here, down there, I've had enough of this. Hang up that receiver, and don't take it down except on business, or I'll report you and have the 'phone taken out."

"Dear me," meekly replied the prince, blushing, "I really can't quite comprehend what you—"

"Rats!" cried the man. "You've been monkeying with my girls all the afternoon."

The connection was severed abruptly, and the prince wearily hung up the receiver with a guilty feeling of having behaved in a shocking manner.

He had actually been upbraided by an irate father for supposed coquetry with his daughters. This was dreadful. And the worst of it was, that each time that he might attempt to reach the outer world he might seem to be taking unpardonable liberties with people whose privacy he so rudely invaded. It was nearly dark by this time. In an hour his failure to appear at the dinner would precipitate a general alarm. This would result in a thorough search being made for him, so he would calmly wait to be found. The telephone possessed too many terrors, besides proving ineffectual. Folding the old overcoat, he

placed it on the floor in the corner, and sat down to meditate upon the vicissitudes of life.

III

The instant that Monteith saw the fatal announcement in the yellow journal, he went into the telephone booth and called up White of the Associated Press, at the hotel.

"Hello, White," he said; "have you seen the dirty trick Dickenson has played us?"

"Yes," replied White; "but I've already cabled London to kill it there."

"Bully for you! That's what I wanted to ask you to do. What did you say to London?" asked Monteith eagerly.

"I cabled: 'Rumor of disappearance of prince unfounded. His royal highness will attend dinner of army and navy and the opera afterward this evening, as previously announced.' That'll hold them, I guess," said White chuckling.

"It took a lot of sand to put it so strong, old man," replied Monteith; "but it will give us a few hours' leeway, I won't do a thing to Dickenson when this merry war is over."

"Nothing new, I suppose, down on the fighting line, is there?"

"No. I'll tip you off at once. So long."

Monteith resumed his weary waiting in the ferry house, but in a moment he was called back to the booth. He jumped to the telephone. Any news would be better than nothing. It was McGrath talking at the hotel.

"Caesar's ghost!" exclaimed Monteith, feverish with interest at once.

"Yes," rattled on McGrath, "he's been telephoning from March's office all the afternoon, but the girl at 'central' thought it was some Johnny stringing her, so she kept ringing him off. Better get up there as—"

McGrath was wasting his subsequent remarks on the desert air, for his chief

was already in a cab on his way to the Columbia Trust building.

Half an hour afterward his royal highness was in the hands of his valet preparing for the state dinner as previously arranged.

"Of course, Monteith," the prince had said in the cab, "it will not be necessary to mention the coat closet, will it?"

"Hardly," replied Monteith. "Your royal highness cannot feel toward that closet as tenderly as I do, and as only your royal highness and I know of it, it can remain a state secret."

"Thanks," answered the prince, relieved; "I shall merely state that I foolishly wandered about, and, on returning to look for you, was locked in."

IV

Miss Mabel Gallagher was relieved at half past five. Taking off the metal band that held the receiver to her ear all day, she attired herself for the street, and soon was walking to the elevated road on her way to her home in Harlem. Buying an evening paper, she was amazed to find that the prince had disappeared, and that he had last been seen entering the Columbia Trust building. Light dawned at once. Good gracious!

Had that chap who had been calling her up all the afternoon been the prince?

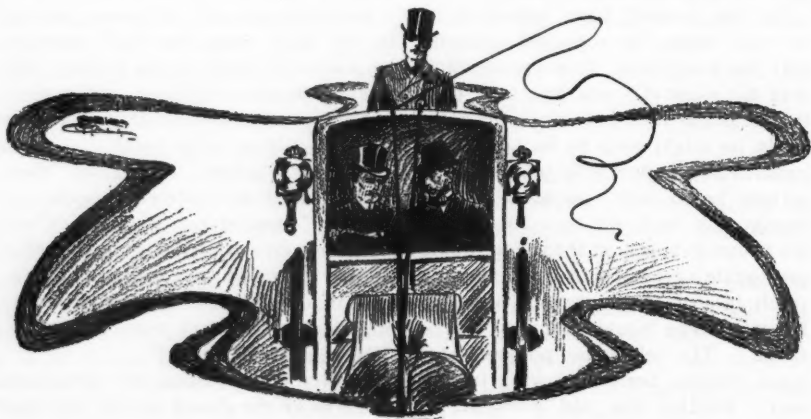
In fifteen minutes she was at the hotel demanding an interview with the president. He was engaged—or, at all events, that's what they told her. So she sent up a note. In an instant McGrath came down, and Miss Gallagher left the hotel famous. She had averted an international sensation! A few months afterward she received an autograph note from the princess enclosing a substantial draft and those photographs of their royal highnesses which now adorn her dressing stand—and have fixed her present enviable social status.

Monteith strolled down to the office of the yellow journal the next day, to tell the manager what he thought of him, but when he bought that morning's edition he read something that changed his mind. That enterprising paper announced across its front page:

THE PRINCE WAS DISCOVERED BY MEANS OF OUR EVEN- ING EDITION!

Pretty Telephone Girl Reads Our Six
O'Clock Edition and Saves the Life
of His Royal Highness!

"There's something in that," said Monteith to himself; "but, all the same, Dickenson didn't play the game square."



TANIKALANG GUINTO

BY
ARTHUR STANLEY RIGGS



Talk

RAN high, though quiet, in the village or pueblo of Singalon, and over all waved the slender tufted clumps of bamboo and cocos, softly screening from the outside world the sedition burning in the cowardly hearts of the natives. Close beside the government reservation where the scientific farm—an object of diurnal superstition, amusement and wonder to the ignorantes living in the barrio—was located, stood the little nipa Theater Natividad. Guiltless of anything resembling paint, for no real Filipino house is ever so decorated, or desecrated, as the native holds, it was built entirely of nipa and of split bamboo. It was squat and rambling; its design was doubtful. No school of architecture, by any morbid perversion of imagination, could be held responsible for the irregular, pentagonal, rickety structure which thus dignified itself with

a name, and which, during the season, drew such nightly crowds to see the players in their magnificent repertory. The tao (peasant) loved the shack; it was distinctly for and of him; it was appropriate to his uses and desires.

Outside, the theater was an eyesore. Not even the magnificent palms, bamboos and bananas which completely embayed it from the narrow, tortuous street could give it a pretense of modest distinction. It was simply negatively ugly in every respect. Inside it was bare and forlorn as only a building put up and maintained by Filipinos can be. The few chairs in the body of the house, for those who could afford the luxury of being passively uncomfortable, served only to set off to still greater disadvantage the barrenness of the rest of the establishment. Two paces to the rear of the chair rows in the pit began a series of wide steps to the roof, much after the manner of the "bleachers" on an athletic field, and on these by far the greater number of the patrons of the playhouse sat. The walls were guiltless of any attempt at adornment, and, like the floors, were worn to an ultimate griminess and stained with the blood red betel juice from thousands of busily chewing mouths. Cobwebs festooned the ceiling, and the supporting pillars of the bamboo and nipa roof bore lizard colonies by legions, while the inevitable grey snake roamed at will through the flimsy and tremulous matting walls, between the bamboo inside and the nipa husks that turned away the sun and rain.

But the curtain, however dingy and unattractive the walls and outside of the theater might be, was a marvel of Tagalog art, even though it was dingy and would be considered crude by those of the American exiles who adjudged themselves to be connoisseurs in all matters pertaining to true art in its highest forms. High in the background to the left was a richly daubed iglesia, or church, its

once whitened walls dusty with much use and long years of service in the heat of the tropics. Not even whitewash can last when the sun and mildew combine to take the sparkle out of it. Backed by a range of hills whose greenness was so vivid as to appal the mere American eye, untrained to truly Filipino artistic effects, it stood out in the scene like a crash of thunder in Winter. Perched on another rashly green hill away to the right stood a large nipa house, done in a fearful yellow ochre, while gaudy hued fighting cocks, created with a crassly profound disregard for such an idle detail as mere perspective, stood and sunned themselves on the bamboo ladder that served as the stairs, while others fluttered about the roof tree. These "mga manek," if the respective sizes of house and fowls were accurate, would have rivaled the roc for bulk and size, and reached the modest height of something over seventy-five feet. That, of course, did not matter. Neither did the magician who evolved the scene from the mysteries of his inner consciousness worry much about the woman picking blossoms from a dap-dap tree, which completed the fearful composition, posing in the central foreground. This damsel manifested truly Rosettian defects of form; a cheerful nonchalance had characterized the painter's work; the physiologically impulsive portion of the creative part of the artist's brain had been responsible for this remarkable young "mujer" picking blossoms some twenty feet or more across each bloom. Nothing else could have dreamed of producing so stupendous an effect. But, sad to relate, with much crumpling of the curtain over the roller high up in the dusty flies, the young woman's features had wrinkled and her paint cracked, showing very plainly, by its rifts and streaks and peelings, exactly how unnatural her complexion had been, even in the days of her nativity. But for all

that, the taos liked her and loved the artist. They could all remember the happy night when she first dawned upon them, to bewilder their dazzled eyes, a vision, almost incarnate, of Filipino womanhood. So they thought little of her deformed shape, nor mourned that she should be so curiously angular.

Hermogenes Guevarra had written a play, a new one, and all Singalon knew it, and waited, breathless with expectation, to see how it would deal with the hated and bloody Americans, who had come to steal away the cherished hope of Filipino independence. There were some others who knew about it, too. Guevarra himself had little to say. Always a taciturn man, for a native, he found that it suited his plans better to be modest and let other people do the talking for the time being. Everybody had seen his other famous piece, and knew that something might be expected from the man who could so excite the despised white interlopers as to make them break their own laws and turn into a hooting, rebellious mob, wildly anxious to smash something or somebody, it did not seem to matter much which it was. But the playwright himself only smiled villainously as the work of staging his chef d'oeuvre progressed; but not even himself was sure what he meant by those smiles. And while he indignantly denied that the attitude of the American police had anything to do with his silence, there were not lacking those among his countrymen who accused him of cowardice, and who affected to believe that his play would not be a very striking nor spectacular success. But at all such Hermogenes only grinned evilly, as he replied with a mysterious flourish of one grimy paw: "Magangtayca titingnance," (if you wait you will see everything).

During the week in which the great drama was being made ready to burst upon the ready-to-be-dazzled audience of paisanos, or countrymen, events in

Manila and in the provinces moved along with an unnaturally reckless disregard for time. In those short but eventful seven days a town of several thousand inhabitants was wiped off the map by fire, after the jail had been delivered and a large sum of money taken from its vaults; the constabulary in Cebu had been engaged with a large force of pulajanes (men in red) and won a doubtful victory, after several hours of hard bat-



"BUT THE PLAYWRIGHT HIMSELF ONLY SMILED VILLAINOUSLY"

ting with the grim enemy, which came at them armed with two swords to a man; a prominent labor agitator had been arrested on a multitude of charges, released on bail, brought to trial and fresh charges added to those already formulated against him; the governor of a province, with its treasurer, forced out into the bosque (jungle), by ladrones, and what seemed very like a carefully premeditated series of revolting crimes perpetrated skilfully in Manila itself.

The government had gone to the hills of Benguet for a rest. After the fatigue of passing sundry bills for the amelioration of the condition of certain infirm and indisposed to work persons of good appetite and disgusting condition of good health, it was necessary that the law makers should recuperate, taking their annual siesta, while the low country groaned and sweated under and through the torrid days of early May, when "through the city, hot and bare, Pestilence beckons Death."

A supercharge of expectancy was in the air, and not even the most earnest plotters and insurgents knew what to expect. Manila was governed only by its handful of police and the few scattered natives composing the headquarters troop of the constabulary. These constabularies, not being fed nor quartered by the authorities, scattered three times a day, at meal times and at night, to their respective homes, thus leaving the city entirely to the police, a noble body of men, mostly ex-soldiers, willing, eager to do their whole duty, but rather ineffectual by very lack of numbers. They had been put on small pay and the prices of necessities were so high that all the special duty men had some night occupation like teaching, to enable them to live. They had been promised a raise of pay so many times that they were resigning in numbers, but those who stayed were true as steel. Plot and counter-plot, rumors of native risings on a grand scale, and the curious desertions of natives from the factories, leaving their pay untouched, a thing never before heard of in Philippine history, combined to make both natives and Americans anxious and restless. And on top of it all the town was placarded and Manila, too, for that matter, with notices of the new play, "The Golden Chain," in Tagalog. When the first man came upon the street at dawn he read the sufficiently inflammatory posters, and by night every

native in both Singalon and Manila knew all about the play, which was to be given the very next night.

Grizzled old Colonel Scurrf, of the constabulary, heard of it, and swore. He knew what it would be; he also knew to its limit his entire helplessness. The chief of police also heard of it—and laughed. He did not care. Some fifty or more Americans, all of them graceless wretches, heard of it, too,—they said not a word nor smiled. But they determined to see a real "gugu" play, in real "gugu" language, written and played by real "gugus."

The great night came at last, snuffing out the fiery sun like a match in the wind of a blustering storm. Not a trace of twilight can the tropics boast. Night falls black and firm when the sun sinks behind Nagpilat's frowning pile, and a moment or two later Corregidor's flashing eye peers up the bay through thirty-one miles of gloom in a minute-recurrent interrogation. Then the lights of Cavite twinkle out through the black haze, nine miles away, and the carriages rushing around the Luneta show a maddening kaleidoscope of light and black, with fiery tangents, as here one and there one shoots off abruptly into some narrow and inky side street. But Singalon is not near the bay front: just outside Manila, it is still close enough to be reached by an easy walk, as the crowds of natives from the city who poured out to take in the show testified.

Not a breath of air was stirring as the crowd began to gather rapidly in front of the building, and smoked, and ate peanuts, which the ninas sold them, and chattered and gesticulated wildly, as men whose lives hung in the balance. Cut off a Filipino's hands and you literally strike him dumb. The bosque in which the little theater stood was as still as heaven; only the great kerosene torches flared and sputtered noisily and smoked, and the crowd increased steadily with

noisy greetings and salutations. It was a picture worthy of a master hand. The firelight on dark skins and white clothes, throwing them into strong relief against an ever shifting, inky background of dark trunks and soft green fronds and leaves, all black as Erebus in the glare of the machine lights, made a weird and entrancing scene of striking animation.

Everybody was discussing the play: what would it be?—would it be good enough to make the American police raid it?—would it really be as good as "Hindi Ace Patay" (I am not dead yet)?

While they wondered, the doors were opened, and Hermognes, who wrote the play, smilingly took each man's peseta, promising his money's worth to each individual—was not his own daughter, the justly celebrated Juana, to play the role of the heroine? And so in filed the crowd, satisfied to gaze once more upon the marvelous curtain, that wonderful specimen of Tagalog art, and hopeful of good things to come later in the evening. With much shuffling and pushing, all talking at once, all gesticulating and chewing, the people pushed in, eager and anxious. Some of them were rich—these unfortunates paid a price to be uncomfortable, and huddled miserably in the inadequate pit chairs. Most of them were poor—they sat on the bleachers and were unreasonably comfortable, in their bodies at least, until the players warmed to their work; then everybody forgot his or her personal affairs and remembered only what was presented on the stage. In the crowd was a scattering of Americans, only a mere handful, fifty or so, most of them soldiers. They, too, sat in the pit, paired in most cases, and rather obtrusively silent. In numbers they did not count for much, but from the grim expression that most of their faces wore, they might perhaps be reckoned as factors in the reception of the play, in spite of the overwhelming majority of natives all about them. Herm-

ogenes viewed them stolidly. He and the players alone knew what the play would be; no one was manifesting any apparent anxiety. But the hated Americans were admitted, nevertheless—were not their pesetas as good as those of the Filipinos?

"Ng Tanikalang Guinto" was a master-



"THE FAIR JUANA, THE PEERLESS, BOWED HER GRACIOUS ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS"

piece of dramatic construction. Played before another audience, and under different circumstances, it would not have caused the slightest comment, nor evoked the flutter of an eyebrow, save, perhaps, in mild derision, but to the fevered minds if the irresponsible tribesmen gathered on that memorable night in the rickety little Natividad, to sweat like their own

ponies for an hour and a half in the choking atmosphere, it was as flame to powder. When the building was packed to suffocation, and the cheap tobacco smoke, herring-garlic breaths of the audience had uttered forth such a savor, far beyond description, that the house reeked of it and the very boards seemed to take on a scent of the unimaginable, Hermogenes left his trusty *mujer* in charge of the admission window, and sneaked around with soft and cattish footsteps to the rear of the curtain, to view the house from the cover of its faded glory. A single glimpse through the peep hole satisfied him, apparently, and with a word of warning to the players, he signalled to the two sturdy *muchachos* whose positions were at the ends of the roll, and they rolled the curtain up with many creakings and rumblings and an ominous rip or two, not to count two stops for breath. The audience voiced its approval noisily. Shouts of clamor rent the air, and the fair Juana, the peerless, untrained, "natural" tragedienne, bowed her most gracious acknowledgements, with the surpassing charm and *hauteur* that only a Tagalog actress can employ when greeting a friendly audience.

Superb is the only word that can be applied to the setting. To the right of the scene which the rise of the curtain discovered to the eyes of the house stood a most imposing paddy scene, with huge carabao in the distance up to their hocks in mud and slimy water, for the rice field was in its regular period of inundation. A horn had been cracked off the dingy head of one of the beasts, but the imagination of the perfervid audience easily supplied that trifling defect of detail. At the left stood a native *casa*, surrounded by various sorts of real livestock and a bamboo fence or stockade, about four feet high. In the center, the feature of the scene, stood Juana herself, clad in the red, white and

blue *camisa* and *enagua* (waist and skirt) of the Katipunan. When her costume fully dawned upon the audience, and the rising sun, triangled 'round about with the mysterious K. K., caught the myriad eyes in the house, there was a momentary silence, broken only by the hoarse whispering of a pair of soldiers. Then a shout of "Viva Independencia!" "Viva Libertad!" went up into the night so clear and strong that a sleepy native policeman half a mile away woke up with a start and asked the next passer-by where the riot was. But after a few excited moments of premonitory pandemonium, the house settled down to some degree of quiet and the play began.

It was a wonderful play. The opening scene was simple, a typical representation of native life in one of the small *pueblos* or towns with which the districts away from the larger cities of the coast are settled, and the house viewed it with stolid composure, not evincing the slightest sign of favor. Some of the more warlike spirits even went so far as to shuffle vigorously, and show their disapproval of a thing that did not seem to them to promise as well as it should, under the circumstances. But the dialogue progressed rapidly, and the uncouth nasals poured out in an exhaustless stream as the plot unfolded itself, presenting Juana as the spirit of the Filipino republic, lovely to look upon, and far more lovely in fact. Then, by degrees, slowly at first, the audience woke up, and the enthusiasm waxed. Soon everyone was on the *qui vive*, and when the inevitable lover, Independence, appeared on the scene, pandemonium reigned; but a moment later, when the heavy villain, the wicked old Uncle Sam, wanted Filipinas to marry his favorite, a crude American officer who stood for the army, a chorus of fury surged up into the still night from every lusty brown throat in the house, and old

Hermogenes smiled softly to himself.

"Dick," said one of the soldiers to his mate, "I can't stand this very much longer. Hiss the d—d 'gugus!'"

"Don't be a fool, Jim," was the cautiously whispered reply. They are mad; we would be boloed (stabbed) in a second. Shut up and see what's coming!"

The other growled in answer, gradually becoming aware that the nefarious and tricky old Uncle had a bata or muchacho, who stood for the police, constabulary, scouts, Americanistas, and everything else the Filipino despises as American. This muchacho had been seduced from his family and home by a judicious use of vino tinto, and did all he could to further the plots and schemes of the old Uncle, who, finding that threats were of no avail, attempted to bribe the damsel by giving her a golden chain, which she, not comprehending its meaning, willingly accepted, with a true Filipina's love for gaudy finery and trinkets. Independence, coming in at this juncture and seeing what he believes to be positive evidence of the betrothal of his beloved to the hated rival, the debauched muchacho, tries to kill himself, only to be foiled by the wicked old Uncle Sam, who wishes to kill both of them, and who would succeed but for the fact that the spirits of those whom he has killed in the past rise and forcibly prevent him from carrying out his murderous folly. Then the Devil appears on the scene and snatches Uncle Sam away to the hot inferno, amid the groans and hisses of the multitude of excited and perspiring spectators.

Silent and sober faced, the Americans sat through the scurrilous libel, never moving a muscle, not understanding entirely, yet not losing much of the general import of the piece. Hermogenes saw them so, and, misunderstanding their apparent apathy, his spirits rose with each successive climax of the play, and his lines grew bolder and more daring

as he strayed farther and farther away from the book, and adopted less and less of the words he had written for the play when he thought it out. Farther and farther into the forbidden path he strayed, and his audience yelled itself hoarse with delight as it understood. The play was a success. Juana the great had forgotten her lines completely, remembering only their spirit, and the old author-hero-manager was under the same wild, fiery spell. Tenser grew the atmosphere each moment. Half the house was on its feet all the time, singing, laughing, shouting, crazy as a mad dervish. Through the reek of the lamps and candles the faces, a dark and threatening sea of brown, peered up at the little stage, which shone mistily down upon them like the distorted vision of some hideous nightmare.

At last came the Devil, and Uncle Sam, writhing and cursing fluently in mixed English, was dragged down to his ultimate doom in the hands of the sturdy muchacho who played the part. In the land of the Filipino it makes no great difference what a man's position in life is so long as he retains his hold on the community.

As the old Uncle Sam vanished, the crowd jumped to its feet as a man and howled, too full for words, and the rickety little building tottered on its earthquake-proof supports as the audience stamped and yelled inarticulate approval. Quick as thought old Hermogenes, maddened and delirious with his unlooked for success at the last moment, forgetful of everything in his brief moment of triumph except his hatred for the handful of Americans scattered before him in the pit, tore down the flag, and, tossing it to one of the real hogs that stood rooting in the doorway of the nipa shack, waved an insurrection rag in its stead, with the terrible yell of the Katipunan hissing from his lips in savage ecstasy.

For a single second not a soul moved. It was the great and complete realization of "the dramatic pause," under circumstances so pregnant that not a man in the house breathed or thought. The silence was ominous; it was that of the moment just preceding the awful and devastating typhoon, when the clouds seem to quiver with the bigness of the fury they are about to loose upon an unready world. Then there burst from fifty American throats such a fury of insulted honor as has never been heard before or since. As a single man every American sprang from his seat and made for the stage, tossing natives to right and left like so many babies. Each man felt in him the supreme confidence of a Galahad, and in him was "the strength of ten." In the twinkling of an eye all the instincts of civilization and the habits of training were forgotten. There was only one thing in sight. Over in a corner of the fence lay Old Glory, a lean,

hungry looking hog nosing it with ill concealed contempt. And above it stood the arch villain, waving the rising sun with the three Ks.

It was the work of a moment to rescue the flag, snuff out the lights and wreck the play and its appurtenances. Frightened and squealing with rage and hate, actors and audience tumbled over one another in their mad efforts to be quit of the doomed place at the least risk to themselves at the hands of the infuriated Americans—all but Hermogenes. He lay unconscious on the stage, surrounded by the fragments of his play. In the rush the Katipunan flag mysteriously disappeared. In five brief minutes the work was complete, and the dismembered and desiccated wreck was dragged out into the road, some loyal hand applied the match, and Hermogenes' great play "Tanikalang Guinto," (The Golden Chain) only three-quarters acted, vanished in smoke and flame.

IN THE OLD DAYS

By J. A. EDGERTON

THE old days! Do you ever think of them,

When sitting silent, as the shadows meet?
When lying broad awake at dead of night,
To hear the rain that drips from off the eaves,

Do you remember how sweet was your sleep,

In the old days?

The old days, when you wanted to grow big,

Before you knew the sorrows it would bring!

When looking at the blue hills far away,
And thinking of the world that lay beyond,

Do you remember how you yearned for it,

In the old days?

The old days! They are furrowed o'er

with graves.

The sweet-faced mother, first and dearest friend;

The old home faces that you used to know;

Your playmates and your sweethearts, where are they?

Do you remember how you loved and lost,

In the old days?

The old days! How they brim the eyes with tears,

And fill the heart with longing and regret!

O, there are tragedies for every life,
And there are songs as sweet as ever sung,

And there are memories that never die,
In the old days.

THE HOME

HOME BUILDING

III.— THE HUSBAND'S OBLIGATIONS

By JULIA SHERMAN UPTON

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

YES, what you say is entirely just and reasonable: if the obedient wife is to be so strictly defined and set forth, the loving husband should be as clearly defined. Some husbands as well as many wives have misapprehended and misconstrued the word "obey." In doing so they have assumed to themselves power, superiority and claims that are not included. The aggression of a contemptible nature in the husband has met the just indignation of the wife, and the fire has started,—two flints that have struck fire again and again, and destroyed every vestige of hope in the partnership.

"Husbands, love your wives,"

—this seems a very simple command, but how is it to be carried out in practical, every day affairs? It is written, "So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies," and again, "Husbands, love your wives as Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it."

Devotion, generosity, observant care, tenderness, self denial and restraint — these points of character are conspicuous in the husband's life in such marriages as are ordained of heaven.

"We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,

To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read."

Thus the good poet Whittier sang, and so we will be sure to find, if we search with earnest heart for direction along the intricate ways of life in the home.

Many good, well meaning husbands have blundered along because that in their early life there had been no training or consideration given to courtesies and personal attentions that are especially every wife's due. In thousands of homes, when the reaction to plain, every day affairs sets in, the wife is treated as if home manners were one and all cancelled, and as if no further personal consideration or attention could be required.

This is all wrong; the wife should hold her high place as reigning queen in the home, no matter what drudgery she is looking after.

We found this sentence in our reading not long since, as the writer, an eye witness, was telling of the coronation of beautiful Queen Alexandra in her high cut dress and general simplicity of attire: "What more can a woman be than queenly? And what more can a queen be than womanly?" Glorious womanhood, standing in the home crowned with dignity, self respect, self control, courage, Christian faith and integrity. What crown of gold bedight with most precious gems can rival or outshine this crowning? Let every woman so judge of herself and how it would change the atmosphere of many, many homes. Deference, honor, respect, civilities, are her due from the husband. She is the twin pillar in the home, and these, if she is the good wife we believe in, will keep her sound in heart, and build into her texture against every storm.

One sensible writer has said: "You were gentleman and lady before you were husband and wife. Don't forget it." One bit of reasoning or philosophy along this line seems to have been made available as a consideration in this rather intricate matter of adjusting two peculiar natures, foreign to each other in so many ways, to one high, harmonious purpose in life.

We wonder and look on in surprise but fail to understand and make just allowance.

We refer to the different and peculiar effects of weariness upon different temperaments.

One person when weary with continued and excessive care and labor becomes excitable, irascible, impatient; another person under the same conditions becomes heavy, dull and indifferent.

It is well to bear in mind some thought of these possible peculiarities, and when the grind of life gets to be trying, be prepared for the seeming disturbance and to take reasonable measures to relieve.

A little patient consideration in such cases goes far toward the mending.

Is not this a beautiful sentence?

"Search through the world, the sweetest thing in life

Is the unclouded welcome of a wife."

A SUMMER VACATION AT HOME

By MRS. J. M. V.

NEW DORCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

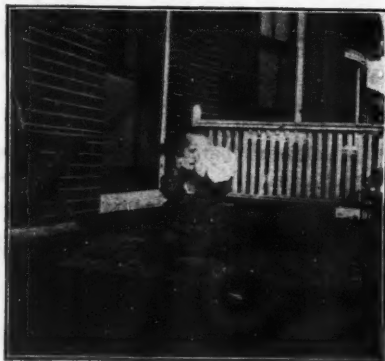
WHERE should one be happy if not at home? Home in this case being in a brick house on a suburban corner, with an open lot both in front and back—Paterfamilias having only the usual two weeks at his disposal—Materfamilias



COOL AND EASY

having a strong disinclination to go without him and a vivid recollection of the last year's vacation (two rainy weeks in a farm house with a three months old baby, somewhat fretful from approaching teeth)—Bub enjoying the best of health and spirits—the necessity of providing for two elderly and somewhat infirm members of the family during absence—were six good reasons why this family should spend its Summer at home.

Accordingly, early in the season, Mater extracted a promise from Pater that he would spend at least one of his two weeks at the farm, then laid her own plans. As opportunities offered she treated herself to several short excursions to places she had long wished to visit.



"SUCH THIRSTY WEATHER"

Because of the difficulty of engineering the go-cart down a flight of winding stairs, Bub took many of his airings on the balcony. This position was tenable only in the morning on account of the sun. With a carpeting of rugs and fencing of piazza settee and chairs, it was a fine playground. Mater brought out her sewing chair and work and the boy's box of playthings. Usually a cushion was included in the outfit, and a small box of "animals," i. e., animal crackers. Then Bub was free to amuse himself — with his box, by watching goings-on in the street or by rolling over and over with the cushion, like a kitten with a ball. If he grew restive there was an animal hunt, and so on until the sun and waning breeze made it pleasanter inside the house.

It was then time for the boy's nap and for Mater to accomplish some housework.

Housework was reduced to the lowest possible terms. Meat was cooked only once a day, and then it was oftener fish or eggs. A two-burner gas stove with oven was used exclusively, and if the day was hot the menu was changed to something that required the least possible time of cooking. Bread was ordered from the grocer, and a frequent and satisfactory dessert was fresh baked biscuits (from a shop near by) with thoroughly chilled sauce or fresh fruits.

Of course the Mater took all blind and shade precautions to keep the house cool, and left the balcony door open nights, the screen door being locked. On several of the hottest, most sultry nights, when the air of the upstairs chambers seemed wholly lifeless, Mater and Pater brought their mattresses down to the cool library, and there, with Bub between them, (on the cushions of the Morris chair, to save bringing down the crib mattress) slept refreshingly. All the "men folks" being thus out of the way, the ladies upstairs would throw

their doors wide, and catch what breezes were stirring.

On Saturday afternoons there was usually a picnic. Mater and Bub supplied themselves with as appetizing a luncheon as possible, and betook themselves to a rendezvous in the neighboring park to await Pater's arrival. Then a secluded spot was sought, luncheon despatched, and Bub induced (very easily) to investigate nature for himself. Not the least of reasons for his content with himself and everything was the ease which his garments afforded him. His usual dress was a "romper" suit of brown gingham, duplicates of which are now to be found in any department store. It must be confessed that on hot days he was allowed to disport himself about the house, clad only in his flannel band and nether garments. It was an excellent preventative of prickly heat from which he suffered before this airy costume was adopted, and no ill effects were ever observable.

When the official two weeks came 'round, Pater took one or two long contemplated trolley trips. On one occasion Mater and Bub joined him, and the latter enjoyed his first mountain climb. Then Pater departed for the farm and the stay-at-homes lived *al fresco*.

When the Head returned, with a fine rosy complexion as to the back of his neck, it seemed as if the holiday season was over, and Mater composed herself for the Fall sewing, with occasional lapses into Summer habits when the thermometer took to Summer climbing.

Looking backward, the family felt that they had a satisfactory Summer. They avoided some of the unpleasant occurrences of the previous year's vacation, they enjoyed good health, and, if discontent stirred, had the reflection that thousands in the city were much worse off than they. In fact, "Contentment" was the watchword — and with a contented mind one can be happy anywhere.



"THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE"

A WOMAN'S WAY IN THE GARDEN

By JULIE ADAMS POWELL

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

THE dahlias need support. Give liquid manure to roses that bloom in late Summer and Fall. Scuffle hoe, cultivate and rake at every opportunity.

Sow mignonette and pansies for Autumn flowering. This month plant hollyhock seeds and other perennials for next year. Leave where they are to blossom, and if too thick they can be transplanted next Spring.

Spray all plants frequently, for they are thirsty and dry, and will appreciate your special care during this month. Remove all decayed leaves.

Now is the time to take slips from geraniums. I stick them down almost anywhere in good soil in the shade, and when the roots form, take them up carefully with a ball of earth and the plants will not know they have been disturbed, but will keep right on growing in their pots.

All vegetables for a second crop are to be planted early this month, so as to get as much off of the land as possible.

One of the most satisfying pleasures to be gained from a garden begins in July, and that is the gathering of flowers and vegetables and taking them to those who have no gardens — to those friends who have seen better days and who now are living in some apartment house in the heat of the close city. And let me say that the more one gathers of the sweet flowers the more luxuriously will bloom the pansy, the alyssum, the mari.

gold, the mignonette, the rose, the pink, the dahlia and every other flower in our gardens.

I carried, the other day, a basket filled with the spicy nasturtium to the top floor of an apartment house, where lives a woman who ministers to the wants of her family day in and day out, and the only breath she gets of the Summer sunshine is from a back balcony overlooking a narrow side street, where an occasional robin stops in the trees; but the only bit of the woods and gardens this woman gets is what is taken to her by friends. She loves the fragrant mint which grows in my garden,—and I love to make her little parlor bright with the gay flowers which show so brilliantly this month and on until cut down by frost.

In my garden I have bee balm, which I find very attractive to the honey bee and the humming bird; and, near by, a large Rose of Sharon bush entices the humming bird hawk moth. This moth hovers with a fluttering and a darting over the pink and white flowers just at nightfall, and is often mistaken for the ruby throated humming bird.

One of our finest nature shrubs is the mountain or American laurel. This is very easily grown, and is found in most woodland districts, especially where it is rocky and hilly. If a spot is prepared with plenty of leaf mould, at this season, a young plant may be carefully taken up without injury to roots and transplanted to the prepared border. Pruned back and kept from withering with plenty of water, the laurel will thrive and blossom next season.

From June until September the butterfly and milkweed flowers flourish. This month find the varieties which you would like to see in your perennial border, and if you cut them down to the ground and dig up lots of earth with the roots, they

may be safely carried to your border for next season's blooming.

They attract bees, wasps, and butterflies, and when one enjoys all nature, it is a pleasure to grow any kind of a flower which will attract the beautiful creatures of the air. Have you ever seen a group of tiny butterflies on the top of the butterfly flower, fairly intoxicated with the nectar they are sipping?

A row of wild lilies is an addition to anyone's garden. But to obtain a perfect garden of these beauties of field and wood, we must commence to collect them in early Spring. A few of the latter I can mention, such as yellow adder's tongue, Solomon's seal, false Solomon's seal, the trilliums, twisted stalk and Jack-in-the-pulpit.

From now on until September, if we dig deep enough, we can get at the roots of the Summer flowering lilies, and if we try to give them the same soil they came from, there is no reason why we cannot have a glorious display next season of the yellow meadow or field lily, the blackberry lily, Turk's cap lily, and that most graceful and beautiful of our wild lilies, the red wood lily.

GENESTA

By ISABELLE MCCOUSLAND
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

IN Essex County, Massachusetts, grows a modest little yellow flower which has a history older than our Revolution. Along every country road in Beverly, Salem and Swampscott it blooms in such profusion that the farmers, all uncaring for its ancient distinction, have termed it "the pesky wood-wax."

The generic name for the plant is *genesta*, but in old England it is called "broom," and is very common. The flower was the chosen one of the Planta-

genet family. Edward Gosse, the English writer, was especially fond of it, and to this day daughters of his descendants bear the name of Genesta.

But how does it happen that Essex county, Massachusetts, claims it for her own and that nowhere else in this country grows the sturdy little plant?

In 1628 or 1629, Governor John Endicott, with some sixty other colonists, settled in Salem and Beverly. The story goes that Mrs. Endicott's china was packed in English "broom." Scattered about her new home, it took root and flourished — doubtless a pleasant reminder of loved homes in a far off land.

And still we have it with us—the little yellow flower which has been an American for 275 years.

What scenes have you witnessed, gay wood-wax,

With your sturdy, bright yellow flower!

Would you could tell us of half you have seen

Since Endicott came into power!

THE WOMAN WITH ONE SERVANT

By SADA BALLARD

JAMAICA, LONG ISLAND

WHEN but one servant is kept, the mistress usually does a good share of the housekeeping herself, and the girl is generally allowed greater privileges than the servant in wealthier families. Nevertheless, it is much more difficult for the helpful mistress to procure and keep a good servant than for her richer neighbor, although the same wages are paid by each. The trouble sometimes lies in the fact that the harassed housewife is thrown into companionship with her help and the girl gradually tires under the cares and worries which are

poured into her ears. She prefers the polite, if chilly, dignity of a wealthy employer to the fretful intimacy of the poorer.

It is always safer where there is one servant that she shall be either cook and laundress, waitress and chamber maid or a general kitchen girl instead of a maid of all work. Let her have entire care of her own domain without help or hindrance other than a full understanding about her duties. If her method of doing work is reasonable and cleanly, it is better to let her work to her own satisfaction than to require a complete revision to your way of managing.

If it is possible, allow the girl a room in the house and make it as pleasant and attractive as your means permit. Encourage her to feel that it is her own special nook when her work is done, where she may read, sew or rest undisturbed by even the small members of the family. No girl likes to feel that she is expected to be continually at the beck and call of her employers. In house work — of all trades — a woman feels the intense need of rest and recreation. She should have as much freedom as possible to go out and be allowed to receive her friends.

Have your kitchen arrangements as handy as if you were to work there yourself, and be generous as you can afford in furnishing labor saving contrivances.

Endeavor to be tolerant of any small peculiarities the girl may possess, remembering that we all have traits which may be unpleasant to those about us.

From the beginning there should be a thorough understanding concerning the remuneration. Tell exactly what you wish to pay and state if you will give an increase for extra painstaking. It is often a good plan to start the wages at a lower rate than you have expected to pay, and increase as a reward of merit. Appoint a weekly or monthly pay day, and be sure never to disappoint. No

domestic can fail to appreciate a kind and considerate mistress who is ever prompt in payment.

MENDING BY MACHINE

By AGNES NOYES WILTBERGER
SOUTH SHORE, SOUTH DAKOTA

SINCE reading the plea for the invention of a mending machine, in the January National Magazine, I am moved to recommend the use of the sewing machine in that capacity. Few women know to what an extent that useful invention will lighten the weekly darning and patching. It may be used with perfect success for fine darning, such as table linen or the little girl's Summer frocks.

Use thread according to the texture of the goods to be mended; forty for underwear and the coarser muslins, sixty to eighty for cottons and eighty and finer for table linen and fine white goods.

Lay a piece of the goods under the hole or rent. The stitch should be long and the tension somewhat loose for knit underwear. Stitch with the weave of the goods and do the work on the right side. Stitch down past the tear on the right side, turn the work to the left and take one stitch, then up parallel with the first row of stitching, then one stitch to the left, and so on across the place to be mended. It is sometimes wise to cross these first lines with other stitching, as one would in darning with a needle.

In darning thin goods or cloth so loosely woven that it does not feed easily, the trouble may be overcome by stretching the portion taut on an embroidery hoop, which will slip edgewise under the machine foot.

Patching is so easily and quickly done by machine that it seems strange we should ever have done it in our grandmother's way.

THE VAINGLORIOUS HEN

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR



I
THERE was a fat old
Cochin hen,
Vainglorious and
proud;

And every time she laid an egg,
She cackled long and loud.

One day she found a goose egg in
The bottom of her nest;

And, thinking
she had laid
it there,
She did her
level best.



II

She cackled, cackled —
all the Spring,
The Summer, and the
the Fall;

She cackled through the Winter —and
She never stopped at all.

She cackled on; until, at last,
Of rest and sleep bereft,

She was a
walking
skeleton
With but the
cackle
left.



Stay the patch with pins if it is large, place it on the machine bed as nearly flat as the garment will allow, then turn under and stitch each edge. Turn it right side up, trim the edges of the hole, turn them under and stitch. You will not need to baste.

To one skilful with the sewing machine, nothing but stockings and buttons need come to needle and thimble. Darning done by machine is neat and durable, and takes one-fourth the time.

NO BACK TALK

By MRS. KATE E. THEW

VERNON CENTER, MINNESOTA

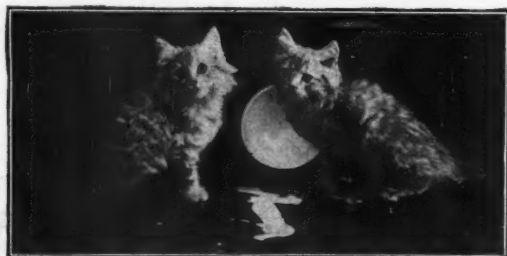
"WHATEVER comes, let this be your watchword, 'No recrimination.' " This was the advice of an old uncle in far off California, very many years ago. It came to me at the outset of my married life, with a force which tempered the home relations through all the years.

Dear old man! Was the advice born of his own bitter experience? I never knew. But we, to whom it came sounding a danger note, took it to heart. And how much the "giving heed" saved one family in angry words and wounded feelings which culminate in a desperate, hopeless condition—little things that trend toward the divorce court—will never be wholly known.

My friend in the other block, with her high strung, ungoverned temper, that impels her always to have the "last word," is digging a deep pit, for not only her own destruction but that of her husband and child as well. Already he struggles for the "last word" too, which is foreign to his nature. I went to my friend with this advice which had accomplished so much for me. She admitted the facts, and would readily agree to take up the remedy if James would. "No, my dear," I said, positively, "that won't do. It would be pleasant if he would, and perhaps he may; anyway, I would call a halt and try it.

"No, I do not mean that you are to be subservient, submissive, or whatever term by which you know the condition. I mean that you are, above and before everything else, to be a woman, strong and sweet, and that, whether you are submissive or not, you are not to talk back. Let him have his 'spells' and 'tempers'. You are to remain silent as far as any recriminating talk is concerned. Sulkily silent, if you can do no better, but silent."

It's the selfishness of humanity which drags it to the divorce court. The lack of a desire to adapt itself to existing circumstances. It is not cowardly to withdraw from a wordy war which has become personal, whose end is bitterness, and whose stings tingle forever. And it is wise never to become entangled therein.



THE CHARACTER OF THE COREANS

A STUDY OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE FAR EAST'S FIGHTING GROUND

By YONE NOGUCHI,

AUTHOR OF "FROM THE EASTERN SEA"

ANYONE who has once been in Corea would find it difficult to forget the strangely unhappy feeling experienced on encountering with her eternal desert. Nothing but barrenness, with a solitary pine tree occasionally on the hill which is never high, but always lies indolently—yea, like a Corean himself. And how gloomy is the whole aspect! Where are the people? Where are the Corean women? If you leave a town like



FIELD MARSHAL MARQUIS YAMATAGA

Japan's most famous living soldier, the son of a poet and scholar, at seventy-one years of age again takes the field in supreme command of the mikado's armies opposing the Russians in Corea and Manchuria. He helped restore his emperor's imperial powers in the civil war of 1868, studied military organization in Europe, reorganized Japan's army on western lines, led that army to victory against China in 1894 and became minister of war. Two years ago he retired. His emperor has now called him to the greatest task ever offered a soldier of Japan, leadership in a war in which his country has staked its very existence upon the result.



GENERAL KUROPATKIN (CLOAKED) AND VICE ADMIRAL MAKAROFF

Russia's foremost soldier and her late naval idol, who lost his life with his flagship off Port Arthur early in the war. Kuropatkin is personally directing the movements of the Russian armies in the far East. He is said to have 140,000 men under his immediate command, opposing the Japanese armies led by Generals Kuroki and Oku. Oku's army, as this is written, is battering away at Port Arthur, and Kuroki's men are guarding Oku's forces against a rear attack by Kuropatkin. Japanese expect to whip and capture Kuropatkin's army, and Russians say the latter will crush Kuroki and relieve Port Arthur, where 35,000 Russians are sustaining a terrific siege. Impartial critics favor the Japanese.

Fusan, or Chemulpo, or Seoul, toward the country, what do you see there? Beside a few Coreans who wear a white coat—how often do they wash their white coat in a year?—and a hat of horse hair, toiling in the field slowly, slowly, there are only tombstones and



IN A COREAN RICE FIELD

tombstones. Tombstones, but nothing else! Alas, Korea is gone, spiritually and physically. The kingdom belongs to the past. A certain baron who returned to Japan after seeing America was asked what he had seen in that continent. He hesitated a minute, and begged to be allowed to tell what he did not see in America. And he said that he had never come across even one tombstone in his six months. The one who asked him exclaimed: "There lies the key to the secret of a country which advances. Where is a progressive country that loves tombstones?"

The nature of the Koreans is defensive. If you see how their Seoul is built, you see clearly their own character. The city is surrounded by mountains, on the tops of which they have built a wall with huge stones. They were afraid they might be invaded by brigands. And the city is a city of dark-

ness and oppressive air. The Koreans do not care much about fresh air and sunlight. They can live in any hole forever, if they are allowed peacefully to arrange their hair in it. They would not allow anything in the world to disturb them for some two hours which they usually take for hair dressing. Laziness is their fundamental nature. And there at the entrance of Seoul stands a "Welcome Gate," where the emperor bowed himself at his reception of the Chinese ambassador some ten or twenty years ago. And he gracefully welcomed the Russians there a few years ago. And today he is bowing toward Japan. What is the funniest part about the gate, is that it is called the Gate of Liberty. It is clear the Korean's defensive spirit turned to conservatism. Conservatism degenerated to imbecility. Imbecility makes them slaves to any one or any country whenever occasion de-

mands. And for themselves they like to live doing nothing. They are pitifully gentle and silent fools. They are actually paralyzed in both spirit and body. They never show their own passion and feeling about anything. The world will be all very well if they can lie with a tobacco pipe on the grasses of a hill, under the tree, and occasionally take a puff or two. They are so indifferent about everything. They will forget what happened a minute ago. They are like a weak minded child, but nothing else.

What can Korean soldiers do with such a nature?

One Japanese colonel who spent a year in Corea observing the country told me that he had never seen such filthy soldiers in his life as the Coreans. He found out that the sheets of their bed

were rarely changed. Where they are given many clean shirts, they will keep one of them, and usually sell the others. How dirty they are, he assured me, is beyond imagination. What can soldiers do who have no knowledge of cleanliness?

Their dirtiness is hereditary. I have often observed some ten or fifteen people living together under one roof. Their cheerfulness of speech delighted me, but their filthiness made me aghast. Is there any other city whose dirt and human refuse are publicly thrown everywhere? The same colonel told me that the Korean soldiers rarely drill. When he asked them why they had had no drill for several days, he was answered that it was because the wife of their Russian officer — (the Russians took charge of them in those days) — had arrived from



AN AMERICAN RAILWAY ENGINEER AT HOME IN COREA

St. Petersburg. If such a thing should happen in the Japanese army! You will see them, he said, leaning against a wall or fence, lazily smoking. He told me that they have no regular hour for their breakfast. What sort of soldiers can they be without any system or order?

As soldiers the Coreans are the poorest. They have no endurance and no power to resist. Their obedience is not a true obedience, but only another guise of their ignorance. And yet they are cheating; they take every advantage to be easy.

How can they be successful as

soldiers when they fail as citizens?

Report says that the Corean soldiers have joined with our Japanese army. They stood to arms. What can they do? Absolutely nothing! But I take the news as their expression of satisfaction with our protectorate. And I firmly believe that Corea herself did not desire it. In fact she does not know what she desires for her own sake. But she only knows that she has got to kneel to a stronger country. And Japan is the strongest country in her own domain. Therefore she is obedient, or does appear to be willing to do anything Japan wishes.

CIVILIZATION, OR ANARCHY?

WE all hate the sound of the word — "anarchy," and we all swear against it when other men practice it. Also, we all, give us provocation enough, proceed to practice it. Witness the mobs that lynch rapists, horse thieves and murderers in the South and West. Witness the American Revolution, in which George Washington and other citizens of substance led the American colonists into armed defiance of the law of the land. Witness the ungrateful Filipinos doing the same thing, with the same excuse. Witness the sluggers of the labor unions, denying the primary right of American citizens to make independent engagements for the sale of their labor. Witness the open, contemptuous disregard for law shown by the bosses of the great railway and industrial trusts, once they perceive that they can make more money outside than inside the pale of the law. Witness the governor of the free commonwealth of Colorado, sending armed soldiers of the state forcibly to arrest and deport citizens of the state, as the Springfield Republican (June 11, 1904,) aptly says, "not merely on suspicion of being con-

nected with the horrible dynamite outrages and not merely on suspicion of being in sympathy with the strikers, some few of whom doubtless committed these cowardly murders, but for the fact of belonging to a labor union which the law allows." The Republican adds — and every word must be endorsed: "It is as much a state of anarchy and mob rule as it would be if the union miners, instead of the militia and the citizens' alliance, were the stronger and proceeded to run out of the region those not in sympathy with them and for that reason," Which is precisely what the union did, as against non-union miners, using methods only less despotic and un-American than those which the governor and the mine owners are now applying against the unionists.

It simmers down to this: That Americans must choose between civilization and anarchy; must proceed by lawful means to redress their grievances, or confess their plan of government a failure. Compulsory state arbitration of industrial disputes is the rational next step in the solution of that part of the problem.

Frank Putnam.

TOUGH JAKE BILLS

By JESSAMINE JONES

ALGONA, IOWA

THE transparent rose and yellow of a Spring sunset cast a film of color over the undulating farm lands and purpled the shadows in the timber along the Des Moines. The west wind bore the odor of fresh plowing; a crow called in the oaks; and from some ravine, far down by the water's edge, came the sound of a woodcutter's axe. The railroad, swinging its shining double trail out of the woods and across the wild sod, was a kind of Jacob's ladder, vanishing into the glory of the western sky.

Jacob was ascending his own ladder. At least, the figure stepping unwillingly from round to round was not angelic. It was a thin, spiritless figure, with closely buttoned coat, head hanging doggedly forward from round shoulders, and hands in pockets.

A farmer's wife, on her way home from town, noted the spidery form from afar and classified him instantly. By the time she reached the crossing, she could catch the gleam of sullen black eyes under a slouching brim, and she added to herself: "He's real young—looks as if he ought not to be a tramp;" and she watched him until her slowly trotting team turned into the timber.

Jacob seemed aware of her scrutiny and it was not until she was out of sight that he halted and looked furtively about him. On a height of ground, a quarter of a mile from the track, a little white school house turned a blushing face to the west. For several moments the tramp stood in listless debate with himself, while the wind played a wild tune on the telegraph wires and the mystery of a Spring night came down upon the pregnant fields; then he slouched a long

the wagon road to the building and sat down upon the steps.

Silence brooded over a prosperous land,—a silence intensified rather than broken by the crooning of wild fowl in a slough to the east and an occasional cheerful call from a distant farm house. Jacob was alone and off guard. Dumb physical suffering and the loneliness of his class spoke in every line of his shabby figure, and he crouched in the teeth of the merciless wind like a wounded wild animal.

Finally he rose and tried the door. Finding it locked, he walked about the building until he spied an open window which he could reach by aid of a board slanted against the siding. Climbing up, he dropped inside and shut the window after him.

The room was warm and neat. He sat down on one of the tiny front desks.

"Lord, I remember that smell," he muttered. "Just like it was when I was a little kid and went to school,—varnish, chalk dust and boy. Schoolma'am keeps things slick."

A fit of coughing shook him and left him gasping. When he could get his breath he carried the teacher's chair to the stove, and, propping his heels against the warm iron, leaned forward to get as near the heat as possible.

"School house is newer than ours at home," he meditated, but it's built the same. That corner over there is where we three fellows used to sit and make life miserable for the teacher. Used to chin then about goin' to war some time, and all that kind of a two-step. Didn't look at all likely in those days, but we got the chance all right. Charley's the

only one of us that came home. He used to say on the transport that Iowa and paradise meant just the same to

"But then, I've never had any folks of my own. That makes a difference. If I could do it all over again, I wouldn't



"A SPIRITLESS FIGURE * * * HANDS IN POCKETS"

him, and the first minute he could he struck out for paradise. Joe and I stayed to have a fling in San Francisco. Lord, what a fool a man can make of himself if he just gets down to it.

play the game the same way,—not on your tintype, Jacob."

He coughed again, giving himself up to the paroxysm like a feeble child. It was growing cold and the room was dark,

After sitting miserably still for a moment, he rose unsteadily and went in search of fuel.

In the entry he found a hod of coal and a neat pile of kindling, all of which he put remorselessly on the fire, and, as the stove grew red, he sat with his knees drawn up in the teacher's chair, in an excess of animal comfort. His eyes gleamed uncannily in the light of the little flames which winked through the slides of the stove; the heat made him drowsy and his head fell forward on his breast, but the action brought on another paroxysm of coughing.

"I can't sleep here," he muttered, "but I hate to get down on the floor. Don't suppose schoolma'am keeps any blankets around."

He slouched again to the entry and by a sense of feeling discovered a woollen hood and a pair of mittens.

"These'll do for a pillow," he thought; "they're what schoolma'am wears when she slicks up." Then he fell to rummaging in the school room. In the teacher's desk he found an apple which he ate in jaw-stretching mouthfuls, and in a little corner closet, his hand came in contact with a large roll of some soft woollen material.

"Maybe schoolma'am does keep a blanket," he mused, fumbling with the cloth. "Don't feel like a blanket though. Don't know what it is, but I guess I can sleep in it. I'll lay it out by the stove and roll up."

He spread it in the dark, kicking out the lower folds and shaking the upper ones; then he settled himself on the floor, "blanket" around him and the teacher's hood and mittens under his head. But the draft which swept across the floor made him gasp and cough again.

"Lord!" he muttered between his teeth, "I wish I was out of this. I wish they had let me die out there in the hospital. They used to put a flag over 'em, and if there was anything good to be

said about a fellow, the chaplain would manage to comb it out of the boys and say it right. Lord knows I haven't ever done much to get credit for; inlistin', maybe,—that's the only thing, and I guess I did that for the devil of it, much as anything. Aw no, that ain't so. 'Fore God, that ain't so." He sat up fiercely. "I done it for Uncle Sam,—honest I did." Then as the draft tormented him, he groaned fretfully.

"This sort of thing is killin' me off fast. But I got to feelin' like Charley did. Queer how a man always wants to get back some time to the place where he was a little kid. I wanted to smell the grain stacks again. Lord! how I used to slide down 'em and get the straws in my neck. If I'd have come back with Charley I wouldn't have come this way. Land boom made him rich last year.

"Seems like I ain't never goin' to get home," he quavered aloud, as if to a sympathetic bedfellow. "I ought to make it tomorrow, but I travel so blamed slow lately." He pulled his covering closely about his head. "I'm mighty glad of the schoolma'am's blanket—or whatever the blessed thing is."

Outside, the smoke poured from the lonely chimney in unseen volumes. The wind shifted and a bank of Spring storm clouds rose in the southwest. By midnight the little building rattled and swayed in the first thunder storm of the season. Rain beat in waves upon its sides and lightning made a thousand flashlights of the still form within; and through it all Jake Bills slept.

In the morning the little teacher came early to the white school house, having forebodings concerning a window left open. She was a clear eyed girl with a swinging walk, and she faced the odor-laden wind as if she loved it. Relieved to find the window closed after all, she ran lightly up the steps, opened the door with one sure turn of the clumsy key,

and entered her school room.

There she found him—tough Jake

Bills—in his last sleep, wrapped in his country's flag.



"IN HIS LAST SLEEP, WRAPPED IN HIS COUNTRY'S FLAG"



WILLIAM FREDERICK KIRK OF MILWAUKEE

AMERICA'S NEWEST HUMORIST

WILLIAM FREDERICK KIRK OF THE MILWAUKEE SENTINEL

THE beer that made Milwaukee famous has a rival. William Frederick Kirk, the Sentinel's new staff humorist, is carrying the Wisconsin city's name far and wide at the tail of his comic kite. There have been many newspaper humorists, makers of jest and jingle, but few of them had the gift of originality that stamps Kirk's work. He has kindly

sent us, at our request, the following brief autobiography—as serious as his portrait:

William Frederick Kirk was born in Mankato, Minnesota, April 29, 1877. He resided from 1882 to 1898 in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, and in 1898 went to St. Paul, Minnesota, where he was employed as a stenographer in the wholesale house of Nicols, Dean &

Gregg. Shortly after locating in St. Paul he began contributing to the Twin City papers, his verses attracting some local notice, and he also wrote for magazines and eastern papers.

Mr. Kirk abandoned this free lance work in the Fall of 1902, and returned to Chippewa Falls to accept the editorship of the Chippewa Herald, an afternoon paper published in that city. In June, 1903, he went to the Milwaukee Sentinel as special writer, and has since contributed to that paper a daily column of prose and verse under the heading "Fleeting Fancies."

Although his "Hiawatha" parodies and other humorous poems have been widely copied in exchanges throughout the country, he is best known for his Norwegian dialect poems entitled "The Norsk Nightingale."

Mr. Kirk was recently elected secretary-treasurer of the American Press Humorists, and contributes to various

magazines, but it is his column in the Milwaukee Sentinel that has made him known to newspaper readers. He has lately published through the Gorham Press, of Boston, a book of his poems entitled "Fleeting Fancies."

We can't have too many humorists. Most of us take life and our part in it a good deal too seriously, and these comic wits not only administer the medicine laughter, but make us "see ourselves as others see us," which is a good thing, if it doesn't happen too often. With Mr. Kirk's permission, we republish here a group of his pieces. Some of you may have seen them floating elsewhere, but you will all, I doubt not, be glad to have them in more permanent form.

Frank Putnam.

THE NEW STENOGRAPHER

I HAVE a new stenographer---she came to work today;
She told me that she wrote the Graham system;
Two hundred words a minute seemed to her, she said, like play,
And word for word at that; she never missed 'em.
I gave her some dictation, a letter to a man,
And this, as I remember it, was how the letter ran:

"Dear Sir: I have your favor, and in reply would state
That I accept the offer in yours of recent date.
I wish to say, however, that under no condition
Can I afford to think of your free lance proposition.
I shall begin tomorrow to turn the matter out;
The copy will be ready by August 10th, about.
Material of this nature should not be rushed unduly,
Thanking you for your favor, I am yours very truly."

She took it down in shorthand with apparent ease and grace,
She didn't call me back, all in a flurry;
Thought I, "At last I have a girl worth keeping 'round the place,"
Then said, "Now write it out; you needn't hurry."
The Remington she tackled; now and then she struck a key,
And after thirty minutes this is what she handed me:

"Deer sir, i have the feeever and in a Pile i sit,
And I except the offer as you have reasoned it.
I wish to see however that under any condishun

Can i for to think of your free lunch preposishun.
 I shall be in tomorrow to turn the Mother out
 The Cap will be red and will Costt \$10 about.
 Materiul of this nation should not rust N. Dooley,
 Thinking you have the feeveer, I am yours very truely."

THE PIKER'S RUBAIYAT

I

Wake! For the Sun, who scattered into
 flight
 The Stars that twinkle through the Sum-
 mer night
 Has risen o'er St. Louis, schedule
 time,
 And throws athwart the Pike a shaft of
 light.

II

Before the phantom of False Morning
 died
 Methought a Piker in the Tavern cried:
 "When rates are Seven-twenty-five per
 hour
 Why lurk, my fellow citizens, inside?"

III

And, as the Cock Crew, those who ceased
 to snore
 Bolted precipitately for the Door,
 And having seen the Pike but yester-
 day
 Went sneaking back, intent on seeing
 More.

IV

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Chicago's Midway, most magnificent.
 And many a Deacon, yea and many
 a Saint
 Crept softly through the Door where in
 I went.

V

Some for the Art Exhibits pine, and
 some
 Flock where the Pistons and the Drive
 Wheels hum;
 Ah, take the Pictures; gaze at the
 machines.

Give me the Pike—all else is for the
 Dumb.

VI

Think, in this canvas Caravanserai
 Where Turkish instruments of torture
 play,
 How dancer after dancer from the East
 Startles the Spinster and the whiskered
 Jay!

VII

Strange, is it not, that of the Deacons
 who
 Before us passed the canvas gateway
 through
 Not one comes forth who tells us of
 the Dance
 Which, to discover, we must witness too?

VIII

I asked a Jasper who had strolled within,
 "My friend, what means yon Oriental
 din?"
 He only answered, "Wal, by heck,
 it's great!"
 And pensively he stroked his bearded
 chin.

LOVE SONNETS OF A LAWYER

I

Whereas, you crossed my path some
 time ago,
 To-wit: May sixteenth, A. D., nine-
 teen four,
 And I, for divers reasons, do adore
 Your fairy face and form; yea, I, John
 Doe;
 Whereas deponent saith he worships so

That he will never draw one free
breath more
Until you take away the heartache sore
And cause said heartache from his breast
to flow.

Now, therefore, this deponent humbly
prays

That you will grant him the aforesaid
boon;

Prays, also, for the court to grant no
stays —

For an informal wedding—say in June.
And for such other judgment and relief
As is not clearly outlined in this brief.

II

Plaintiff alleges that one year ago
To-wit: June fifteenth, A. D., nineteen
four,
She married the defendant, who then
swore

To cherish and protect his Mrs. Doe;
Alas, defendant didn't do it, though —
But in a back room at the corner store
Played draw, and lost his ducats by
the score.

Plaintiff alleges more, and says it's so.

Wherefore, this plaintiff prays for a
decree

Sev'ring the bonds of matrimony now,
And for such alimony, costs and fee

As to the court seems proper to allow;
And for whatever judgment and relief
The court deems right to satisfy her grief.

ANTONY AND CLEO- PATRA

When Cleopatra was a queen
She dwelt in splendid pomp;
A giddier gal was never seen —
She was the village romp.

She met Marc Antony one day
When he blew in from Rome,
And for her, so historians say,
He left his happy home.

He moved his Saratoga trunk
To Cleopatra's flat;
She called him "Anty" (this was bunk)
And he called Cleo "Pat."

I wasn't there, but I have heard
They carried on just frightful;
The climax, it may be inferred,
Was not at all delightful.

Marc's neighbors back in dear old
Rome
Began to knock and knife,
Until the gossip reached his home
And exercised his wife.

Then Marc committed suicide,
A reckless thing to do;
And Cleopatra up and cried
And then remarked, "Here too."

She sent to Keeley's for a snake
And let it bite like fury.
The coroner arranged a wake
And hustled up a jury.



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

I AM not just sure whether we ought to call the August National a patriotic number or a musical number—suppose we say both. The purpose was to include two or three articles of especial interest to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, who will be Boston's guests in August, and, incidentally, to recall for the pleasure of younger readers some memories of the stirring scenes in which the veterans took part forty years ago. The result is that we have secured three very interesting articles, two of which are not only patriotic but musical in theme. Miss Mary Caroline Crawford, taking for her subject the dedication in the Boston Public Library recently of a memorial tablet bearing the names of several of America's most famous patriotic composers, has made a fascinating story about the careers of the seven artists so honored. This article will be illustrated with portraits and other pictures. Willam G. Kirschbaum of New Bedford, Massachusetts, reminds us that Israel Smith, the leader of the most famous military band in the Union army during the Civil war, is still in the flesh, hale and hearty, and recalls many quaint and readable episodes in the service of a musical organization that was known in its day from one end of the country to the other, and of which General Sherman once said: "Oh! Yes, yes, yes, the Thirty-third band; Smith's. You're privileged characters; go where you d—n please." Portraits of Mr. Smith in war time and today are presented with Mr. Kirschbaum's story.

The third of the patriotic articles, and in some respects the most remarkable of the three, is by Samuel H. Beckwith of Utica, New York. Mr. Beckwith was for nearly four years—June, 1862 to February, 1866—General Grant's chief cipher telegrapher, and in that time probably saw more of the northern chieftain than any other man. He had frequent chances to meet and study most of the other celebrated northern generals. In this paper, prepared for the National, Mr. Beckwith gives brief, vivid, striking pen portraits of Grant, Sherman, Meade and many more northern leaders whose names are household words.

It just happens that two of the three fiction stories selected for the August number are the work of Des Moines, Iowa, writers—Jeanne Olive Loizeaux and Edwin L. Sabin. Miss Loizeaux's story, "At Its Flood," deals

with a young girl's intellectual development in the period of her first love affair, and the way in which her wise old father helped her to solve her perplexities. Mr. Sabin recalls the wild and fearful joys of very young boyhood in his amusing sketch, "The Old Muzzle Loader."

We have a peculiar pleasure in presenting, in the National for August, the work of a new writer of fiction, Christobelle Van Asmus Bunting of Chicago, who contributes a deliciously wise and witty society story, "Reconstructed," one of the very best stories that we have ever published. It is longer than our stories usually run—about ten thousand words—long enough to while away a drowsy Summer afternoon.

A story so delicate, so aetherial and so beautiful that it could be told only in perfect poetry is "Our Lady's Tumbler," by Katherine Lee Bates, professor of English Literature at Wellesley College. The poem is aptly illustrated by Mr. W. D. Goldbeck of Chicago.

Amid the bustle and dash of World's Fair scenes, Mr. Chapple at St. Louis is taking notes, and you may be sure he will have a lively, jovial, entertaining budget of personalities, glimpses of the strenuous life, and quaint bits of homely philosophy set down in his "Affairs at Washington," under which familiar heading he will, now that congress is off duty, record his observations on men and events taken during his journeying up and down the Pike—I mean up and down the land.

Just a word about new books—books you would probably enjoy on your journey to the World's Fair, or on a long, lazy Summer afternoon at home. Winston Churchill's "The Crossing" is a sound, strong, attractive historical novel. Other new novels worth owning are Onota Watanna's "Daughters of Nijo," a romance of Japan; "Huldah," a Texas story, by Alice MacGowan and Grace MacGowan Cooke; "Under the Vierkleur," a Boer war story, by General Ben J. Viljoen; "In the Hills," a Carolina story, by E. Crayton McCants; "A Texas Matchmaker," by Andy Adams; "The Castaway," by Hallie Erminie Rives; "A Daughter of the States," by Max Pemberton, and "John Burt," by Frederick Upham Adams.



WELL, here we are again all ready for a "good talk it over." Last month I spent in a campaign at the World's Fair, and despite the kindly apprehension of friends that I would bake in St. Louis—"Awfully hot place," said one; "Extremely warm," said the second; "Dreadfully stuffy and muggy—no air," said the third,—the heat did not detract from the enjoyment of what I believe will pass into history as the greatest exposition the world has ever seen. It may be supposed that I am prejudiced in favor of St. Louis by reason of the kindly welcome accorded the National there, and the encouragement we received in the launching of our working exhibit to print the magazine complete in the Palace of Liberal Arts. Various exhibitors in that department have combined to print and produce the magazine complete from manuscript to mail bag, and many a good subscriber has come to us and gone away with his souvenir number under his arm, "all printed in St. Louis." It was hard work to get things running. One was compelled to stand and watch the workmen lest some other wary exhibitor should come along and lure them away. All kinds of booth materials were at a premium in St. Louis.

When you visit the Fair I want you all to look for that towering dome, a replica of the national capitol, which you will find in the northeast corner of

the Liberal Arts Palace. We have a cash register in excellent working order to chronicle the subscriptions, and also a book of registry in which we want the signature of every subscriber, new or old, who comes to St. Louis. The American people are always interested in knowing "how things are done," and when boys and girls as well as older people stand four or five deep to see the way in which the printing presses deliver the thirty-two page forms of the National, and watch the quick and accurate movements of the folder and stitcher, I think we are justified in stating that we have something of interest to show you. As one distinguished visitor remarked: "The American people are always interested in seeing things done," and we are certainly "doing things," at the Fair. Now, we not only want to meet and greet all our old subscribers, but to enlist new ones at a rapid rate and help on our march toward the million mark. One thing which has specially impressed me in St. Louis is the cordial and hearty appreciation of old subscribers; and their kindly interest is the foundation on which we must build for new friends. The people of this country seem to have a notion in their heads that the National is a great and growing success, and we certainly are not going to question this condition; and if confidence and enthusiasm mean anything, we know that our

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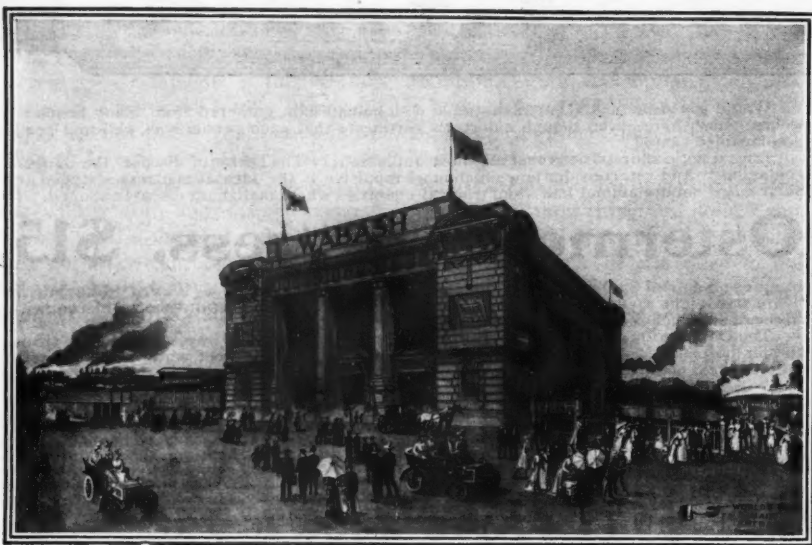
success is assured. We have been especially interested in meeting subscribers from all parts of our country, as well as from England, Australia and New Zealand; we are glad to know what kind of people read and appreciate the National. We have always believed in getting close to our readers, and that belief has been strengthened by our experience at the Fair.

Now let me tell you about the booth. It is a snug little corner on the center

fear we should be short of room.

Yes, I tell you the simple truth when I say we are having a good time in St. Louis. In fact, I am convinced that this is going to be a banner year in the annals of the National.

I was loath to leave our handsome new quarters in Boston even for the allurements of the Exposition, for we have just begun to take solid comfort in our new home, though we have long been



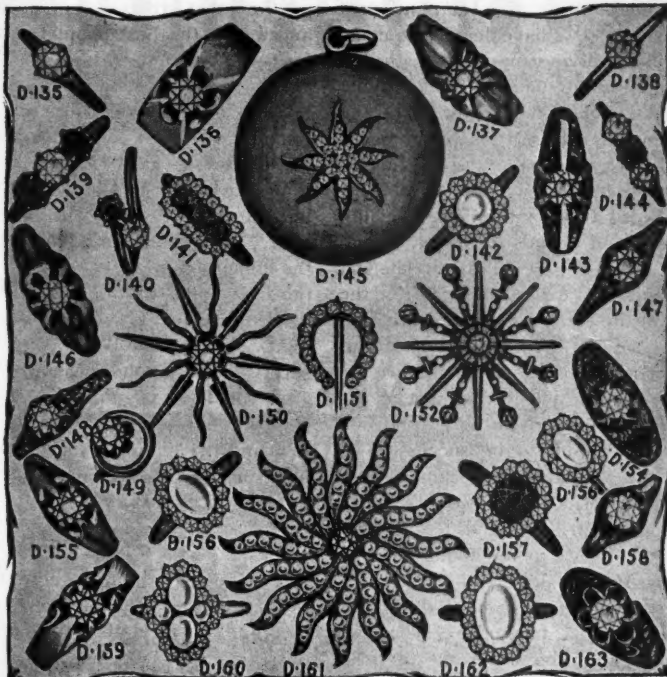
WORLD'S FAIR STATION OF THE WABASH RAILWAY, THE MAIN HIGHWAY TO THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS

aisle, its corinthian columns surmounted by eagles whose aspect indicates that they are at least wide awake, with a replica of the dome of the national capitol overtopping the whole. A green rope passes from pillar to pillar, and the furnishings of the booth are of a restful shade. My one regret is that we have not larger quarters. I should have liked to lease the Inside Inn, with its gigantic capacity, to care personally for all our subscribers, but even then I

aware that personal convenience is not to be considered when there is work to be done. I expect to spend most of the Summer at the Fair, and my "Affairs at Washington," will doubtless also have an expository flavor.

I feel that during the next five months, while we are printing the extra souvenir editions at the Fair, it will be a rare opportunity to become thoroughly well acquainted with our readers.

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Your Choice of the Above Pieces \$50.00 at \$5.00 Monthly.

SEND for either of the above beautiful pieces, or if you prefer, make a selection and it will be sent C.O.D. \$10.00, with all charges prepaid. The balance, (\$40.00) you may send us in eight equal monthly payments of \$5.00. If your selection does not please you in every way, send it back and your money will be refunded at once. Our new Catalogue shows hundreds of other pieces at this price, and thousands ranging in price from \$10 to \$1000. We send a copy free—please write for it to-day. Why not begin at once by making the best investment possible? Diamonds will pay at least 20 per cent in increased value during 1904, and their purchase under the **Loftis System** of easy monthly payments constitutes the ideal way of saving money. You have your security always in your own possession, and every day can enjoy the fullest and freest use of your money in wearing the Diamond. We furnish a **Steel Safe** for Home Savings if desired. **We Sell Genuine Diamonds Only**, and every stone is specially selected and of superior quality. A **Guarantee Certificate** goes with every Diamond sold, and every Diamond is subject to exchange at full price paid, at any time in the future. Our prices will average about ten per cent lower than the cash prices of smaller concerns.

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THE splendid success of our West Indian trip has encouraged me to believe that the trip to Paris and London is going to be even a greater success. In fact, it has started out so well that we have concluded that it will be incomplete without the addition of a few gentlemen to our party, so we have decided to make the number of prize winners six instead of five, as originally planned, thus leaving it open not only for the ladies, but for the sterner sex as well. It is by no means a disadvantage to have a sprinkling of men in a party of travelers; so we give them a cordial invitation to enter into the Paris and London contest. And now, in order to give all a fair chance, we are going to extend the date for the closing of the contest by one month, and hope to sail in September instead of August, and I somehow feel that we are going to have a jolly time, just as we had in Jamaica. The only condition imposed, in order to be successful, is that you each take careful note of how your 200 subscribers are secured. Mark every individual case and let us have the details. Give us the humorous, picturesque, quaint side of the work; the stereotyped methods you used, if any, and the original methods. What we want is to know how to reach the people in a manner that will bring us their warm and enduring friendship. We believe that the old book agent fashion of canvassing, with the "silver plated spiel," which savors too much of the confidence man, has had its day. We think that people like to be approached frankly and openly, and with the firm conviction in the mind of the canvasser that he or she is working for a publication that deserves friendship and success. We desire to secure the best kind of people for this work, and I am convinced that there is no reader of our thousands who has not the capacity for such work, and will not enjoy it when it has been entered upon. I know that we

have the right kind of stuff among our readers, and original methods will occur to them when once they realize that the old hackneyed methods are obsolete in our America of today. We are a people who appreciate new ideas, innovations, anything that savors of courage and pluck and we are the best people in the world for trying new enterprises.

Now begin to send in your subscriptions at once, but first see that you are properly installed as a member of the 200 club.

We have not yet selected the steamer, but all those details will be arranged later. Now don't do as so many did in the Jamaica contest — put off the work to the last moment, until it is too late. In the language of our distinguished president, "DO IT NOW." You will be surprised to find how easy the work is after you have begun it in earnest. All contributions will be passed upon in the regular way, and I think you may rely upon me to see that exact justice is done to each one.

IT has been gratifying to note the splendid increase in our advertising each month, and I feel that it is almost my duty to make a formal introduction of every new advertiser as he appears in our pages. The general advertisers are rapidly awaking to the fact that the National readers are the right kind of people, though they may not include ALL the magnates of Fifth Avenue and the Back Bay. They are the great, plain, common people who represent the bone and sinew and purchasing power of the nation, and when an advertiser has something that these people need and will appreciate, the National is the place for him. As the magazine grows older, the confidence between publisher and readers increases, and the advertiser is necessarily benefited by this friendship. The splendid response which we

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are receiving in answer to our announcement of the Hanna book shows what the National can do in regard to results. We certainly have a fresh, untilled field to work upon, and we have a circulation which is not duplicated by any other publication, nor is it ever necessary to explain why the National is distinctive in itself and popular—that is self evident to all readers. We are going to maintain our present rate of \$150 per page until we pass the 200,000 mark, and I think it will not be amiss for the advertiser seeking for effective mediums to carefully read the National from month to month, and decide from the impression made on his own mind whether there are not enough other people who think as he does to make it worth his while to consider the National for his publicity department.

THERE is no association to which I belong today that brings me the solid comfort which I derive from the National Republican Editorial Association, the last meeting of which, preceding the press parliament in St. Louis, was an occasion long to be remembered. For fifteen years I have attended these meetings as a delegate from one state or another, and have always found them replete with instruction and inspiration; and, as one who has been so close in his attendance since the time when he commenced editorial work as a beardless boy, and who has been benefited for years by this association, I cannot refrain from paying this tribute to the conservative country press which largely constitutes the membership of the association. It induces a sociability and brotherliness among the members that is hardly to be obtained in any other way. Meeting, in many instances, the same men year after year, it is very delightful to talk over the advance made in different lines of work since last we met. It is true that the years pass by

and our members grow old, but there are always plenty of new recruits—rosy cheeked, bright faced newspaper boys, just promoted to the dignity of editorship.

It is interesting to observe the opening days of the convention, the hearty greetings that pass and the badges that are worn. Editors who at home would be too modest to wear even a masonic emblem, here do not hesitate to adorn themselves with badges of every description, covering all the available space on their coat fronts and even allowing them to mount hatwards. This is, in fact, the play time of the busy editors, and they enjoy to the full the courtesy extended to them.

At the annual meeting in Congress Hall in St. Louis there was much brilliant speaking, foremost, perhaps, being the admirable address of the president, Mr. P. V. Collins of Minneapolis. The talk of Mr. Skinner was one of that real, old fashioned, conservative kind that always makes us feel the value of high ideals, education and character building, and the making of good citizens generally. The brilliant speech of Henry Watterson seemed to bring back that school of journalists who in reality represented the foundation of all American journalism, and recalled to our minds the giants of an earlier day. Then we had a recitation by that talented young man, Edmund Vance Cook, whose clever impersonations made his address as good as a one act play, especially when he "put the baby to sleep."

The lecture by Homer Davenport was a rare treat, and demonstrated how closely allied are the country and city life of our nation, and how the great prairies and forests furnish our cities with the virility and strength which alone can cope successfully with the strenuous demands of the times. Here, too, was the kindly face of Secretary



The Best Protection

for her complexion is not a veil. Of course, she sometimes wears the charming mesh as a screen against sun and wind, or to half conceal her pretty face, but the complexion protector that she most relies on is Resinol Soap—a pure medicinal soap that produces and preserves a smooth and healthy skin-texture. That

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is a complexion beautifier and preserver has been proved in the experience of many happy women. The strong alkali of the ordinary soap absorbs all the natural oils from the cuticle, leaving it shriveled and pallid. Resinol lubricates, nourishes and feeds the true skin, clearing the complexion and leaving it soft and velvety.

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Page, Treasurer Gibbs, Secretary "Bob" White, and I also noted with interest the incoming officers, including Major Screws of Alabama, Mr. Ashbrook of Ohio and Mr. Cochrane of Indiana. The delegation has been together so many years, visiting almost every section of the country, that they have grown to know each other even better than they do their next door neighbors.

It was my rare privilege to deliver an eulogy on Bill Nye before the association: Bill Nye, whose kindly friendship I have always regarded as a life inspiration and whose grave on the sunny mountain side in North Carolina will, I hope, soon be adorned with a monument placed there as a loving tribute by his fellow workers of the press. If every person who has won a smile from our lost brother, and all who have spent a pleasant half hour with him were to contribute but one penny, a monument would be raised worthy to perpetuate the memory of this knight of American humor.

ONE of the most notable gatherings that has ever assembled in Washington was that at the first annual meeting of the Periodical Publishers Association, held in the New Willard Hotel on Thursday, April 7. Never before, perhaps, have so many celebrities gathered about the festal board. Not only were the president's cabinet, the supreme court, the senate, the house and other departments in Washington government life represented, but there were editors of high degree, writers whose names are famous, artists of international renown, advertisers of amazing acuteness, and, in fact almost every phase of the allied professions of writing, printing and publishing were represented,—which includes many of the prominent interests of American life. No other calling is quite so complex in its comprehension of all walks of life.

President Roosevelt addressed his fellow workers in a happy and yet serious vein upon their responsibility, collective and individual, a subject on which he is well qualified to speak. The president is known as one of the best writers on the topic of American ideals. His speech was not only happy, but it had in it something of the earnest heart to heart communion that indicated his fellowship with the men to whom he spoke.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie was at his best in his remarks, which had the scintillating radiance of his essays.

At the table at which I was host sat one of the best known artists of the day, and I was interested in noting that the cards were decorated with the far famed beauties of the Christy girl. He is a man of youthful appearance. The little wave in his hair indicated the artist. His features are strongly marked and speak the character of the man, as do his bright blue eyes. Born and reared on an Iowa farm, it is easy to understand how he acquired the knowledge that led Whitcomb Riley to ask, "How the deuce he knew how to put the sunbonnets on the little girls?" The sunbonnets were, without doubt, a daily feature in the artist's youthful years. He is one of the most popular artists in America today, and is excellent company at a dinner table. His keynote seems to be intensity—putting his whole heart and soul into his work.

Looking 'round, one might easily distinguish the towering form of Senator Fairbanks, as he stood smiling benignly on his many friends, and his colleague, Senator Beveridge who was one of the speakers of the evening. Speaker Cannon, in his usual attitude, one hand in his pocket, was cordially greeted by all, as was Congressman J. Adam Bede, the new wit of the house. Here, too, was Cyrus Townsend Brady, whose tall stature makes him look the part of a hero



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in some western story. Cyrus Curtis and Edward Bok of the Ladies Home Journal were the cynosure of many eyes. I also recognized Dr. Shaw of the Review of Reviews, Mr. J. S. Crowell of the Woman's Home Companion; Mr. Collier and Conde Nast of Collier's Weekly; Reginald de Koven, composer of comic operas; George H. Daniels, president of the Sphinx Club; Walter H. Page of World's Work, Stephen Farrelly, manager of the American News Company, New York; Victor Gillam, cartoonist of Judge, New York; D. C. Gilman, president of the Carnegie Institute, Washington; in fact, all the celebrities brushed elbows here, and noted men who had corresponded for years met for the first time face to face.

Secretary John Hay was always surrounded by a group of interested listeners, and it seemed to be felt that he still belonged to the ranks of writers, despite the fact of his holding a position of vast importance in the state.

Among other well known authors I recognized Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and Richard Le Gallienne with his long locks recently shorn; Charles G. D. Roberts, whose "Watchers of the Trail" is a treat in store for nature lovers; George H. Lorimer, editor of Saturday Evening Post and author of "The Letters of a Self-Made Father to His Son." Nearly every class of literature was represented, as well as every phase of the periodical business, including the subscription agency department, for I saw the genial faces of W. H. Moore and J. W. Grumiaux, most lovable of subscription agents. Not far away I saw Judge Peckham of the supreme court, and at the reception I noticed the benign features of Howard Pyle, one of the best loved artists in the States. At first I supposed him to be a clergyman. Another look around showed me Herbert Putnam, librarian of congress, and also S. McClure, whose warfare on graft

and trusts has kept him busy of late.

The speeches were delightful. Monsieur Jusserand's remarks were particularly happy; he made us all feel that we had ancestors worthy of note, and his tribute to American art was very gratifying. Senator Beveridge's suggestion on writing up to the level of the people was a keynote that will be long remembered, while the German ambassador, Baron von Sternburg, created new interest in the periodical by telling how the history of Samoa was preserved to the people of that island by means of an article in an American magazine. The remarks of ex-Governor Black of New York are always inspiring and pointed, and this occasion was no exception. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's tribute to the charms of the American clam was a happy hit and also a keen satire on the fancies and foibles of various publications. F. Hopkinson Smith rose like a stalwart lighthouse and paid a fitting tribute to the artists. Dr. John H. Finley, like the moon, multiplied revolutions. Mr. Robert Speer was most interesting in "The Onward March of the Periodical." Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the venerable chaplain of the senate, was accorded a hearty reception from all who gathered about his chair of state, and was noticeable as being the only person seated.

The presence of Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador, dean of the diplomatic corps, added to the eclat of the occasion. The count is one of the gallant gentlemen of the old school.

The Periodical Publishers' Association is an organization which includes nearly all the American periodicals and holds a banquet every month. Frederick Colver of Leslie's Monthly was largely responsible for the organization, and has given his untiring effort to make it a success. To Mr. William B. Howland, of the Outlook, president of the association, much credit is due for the success of this banquet and reception.